TV RADIO MIRROR

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Splash! The Lennons in the Swim

P.M. U.S.A.
What Video Tape Means
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he Great Raitt
le-Men: Arness • O'Brian



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T V R 1

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TV RADIO MIRROR

SEPTEMBER, 1958 • MIDWEST EDITION • VOL. 50, NO. 4

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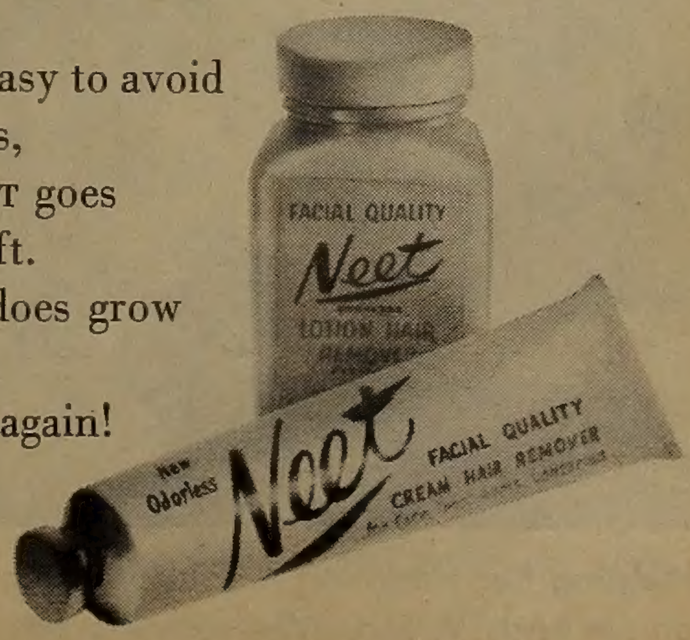
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WHAT'S NEW ON THE EAST COAST

By PETER ABBOTT



Too sexy? Ed Sullivan said yes, but Bob Crosby, above, didn't raise an eyebrow as he cast dancer Gretchen Wyler as a regular on his "family" show.



Helping her fledgling models with new hair-dos, Candy Jones has thoughts on sex and TV, too. Wholesome types, says she, get the video modeling jobs.

Pink-Haired Momma: The pres and veep of Desilu checked into the Waldorf-Astoria in a gala mood, for theirs is TV's coup of the year—a cool twelve million from Westinghouse to fill *Studio One's* time. Pres Desi, handsome and prematurely gray, said, "Yeah, I'm president but Momma's the boss." Momma, with her pink hair and saucer blue eyes, called this a flip remark. Said Lucy, "I don't even have a desk. I do no executive work. When I'm not in a show, I'm at home with the kiddies." Then she turned to a reporter. "Are you a good father?" He nodded. She said, "That's good." The Frawleys will be back and Maurice Chevalier guest-stars on the first show (October 6). Discussing plans for the new series, which will be called *Desilu Playhouse,* Desi noted, "Seven of the season's programs will be 'Lucy' features. The others will be Westerns, suspense, comedy. We will have no psychotics or neurotics, no adultery and no unhappy endings." He added that Vivian Vance has already been set to star in a one-shot production of "Guestward, Ho." Then the Arnazes talked of watching their own show at home with their children. "The kiddies turn to us during commercials and ask, 'How did you get out of the box so quickly?'" Together, Lucy and Desi proved as charming as their ratings and Desi proved his accent was authentic. He prefaced one statement by saying, "These are the dos and dunce of the show." He concluded the interview with, "Our next stop is Pizz-Bug."

Short Stuff: Phyllis McGuire is in love with a Los Angeles business man, and so outspoken about it that even her sisters think she may be secretly married. . . . Diana Lynn will be conspicuous in TV originating from N.Y.C. this fall. She has enrolled in Neighborhood Playhouse, where she will have Pat Boone as a classmate. Pat's looking for a larger house, but only in New Jersey, where he can be close to his friends. . . . CBS-TV latches onto science-fiction trend with two new fall series on Wednesday nights. At 7:30, it will be *The Invisible Man,* and, in the title role, of course, there will be no one. At 8:00, *World Of Giants* debuts, with Marshall Thompson starring as a six-inch-high hero who is carried around in a briefcase and lives in a lamp. . . . Vacationing Phil Silvers loafs in Manhattan this summer, swinging his baby and burping his clarinet. . . . *Top Dollar* is replaced on August 16 by *The Texan,* with Rory Calhoun. Rory, *á la* Paladin, wanders about sticking his six-shooter into the problems of others. . . . *Your Hit Parade* crosses Madison Avenue from NBC-TV to CBS-TV this fall. Comes on Fridays at 7:30.

$$$ for Five-Eyed Gals: There's big money in TV modeling and it helps if you're neither glamorous nor sexy. Candy Jones, director of the Harry Conover Television Agency and also



Emcee Hal March needs the money like "A Hole in the Head." And that's the play he's rehearsing. L. to r.: Avril Gentles, director Michael McAloney, Hal, Michael Westfield, Bill Tierney, Ronnie Gates, Teena Starr, leading lady Donna Pearson.



Also acting in summer stock are Jan Miner and husband Terry O'Sullivan.



Meanwhile, back at the isolation booth, Jack Barry asked questions, Elfrida Von Nardroff seemed to know all the answers. Her future plans? More study!

Harry's wife, says they are desperately in need of new faces. "The famous fashion and magazine models are generally no good for TV," Candy says. "They are too exotic, too thin and lacking in animation. For TV, we want believable beauty, the wholesome type no one resents." There are about a thousand gals making a living out of TV modeling and some are in lovely income brackets of $20,000 a year and more. Any girl, between 16 and 26, who is interested, can and should write a model agency and make an appointment. It costs nothing. Qualifications: Height, five-two to five-eight. Measurements, 34-24-34—and these are maximum. (Says Candy, "A girl who is too busty causes camera distortion when they focus the camera on the product.") Education, high school or better, with emphasis on English. Experience in amateur dramatics or vocal training is an asset when it comes to timing. The topography of the face is very important. Says Candy, "It should be a triangular, wholesome face. With a string, you should be able to measure your head off in equal thirds—top of head to center of brow, then to nose base, then to chin. 'Five eyes' are an essential. Looking flush into a mirror, your face should be just so wide between your ears that you could fit in five eyes horizontally." Martha Hyer, Grace Kelly, Joan Caulfield, all ex-models, are typical of what they want.

Snappy for Pappy: Jimmy Dean is now under personal contract to CBS and big things are ahead for his country-style talent. Good possibility he may take over *Beat The Clock* time-slot with a variety chore. . . . Imogene Coca has signed to do a Broadway show, but with loyalty to TV and the provision she may have time off to face the video cameras. . . . And, although ABC said they wouldn't let Sid Caesar go under any circumstances, he reverts to NBC to do two special shows in the Chevrolet series. . . . Don Fredericks, who plays title role in *Steve Canyon,* NBC-TV's fall entry for Saturday P.M., has had to dye his hair (*Continued on page* 81)

For What's New On The West Coast, See Page 6

WHAT'S NEW

ON THE WEST COAST



Gracie exits laughing, but George Burns insists he's "too old to retire."

For What's New On The East Coast, See Page 4



Golf cart's a necessity to another George (here with his Gobel femmes).

By BUD GOODE

SUMMER Romance Department: Like a red-hot football team in a pre-season scrimmage, **Tommy Sands** is shifting from **Cathy Crosby** to **Judi Meredith.** Judi co-starred with Tommy in his recent CBS-TV *Studio One* shot. Tommy's got a yen to buy out **Phil Harris's** Hollywood Boulevard Record Shop—he's in there every day spinning the pop discs. His favorites? Anything by **Sinatra,** or **Frankie Laine's** latest album, "Torchin'." Could be he's still thinking of Cathy? Or Molly? Cathy, meanwhile, is once again living at home—for the summer at least, while her father, Bob Crosby, is subbing for **Perry Como** in New York. Hope she'll stay at home when Dad returns and a reconciliation may be made.

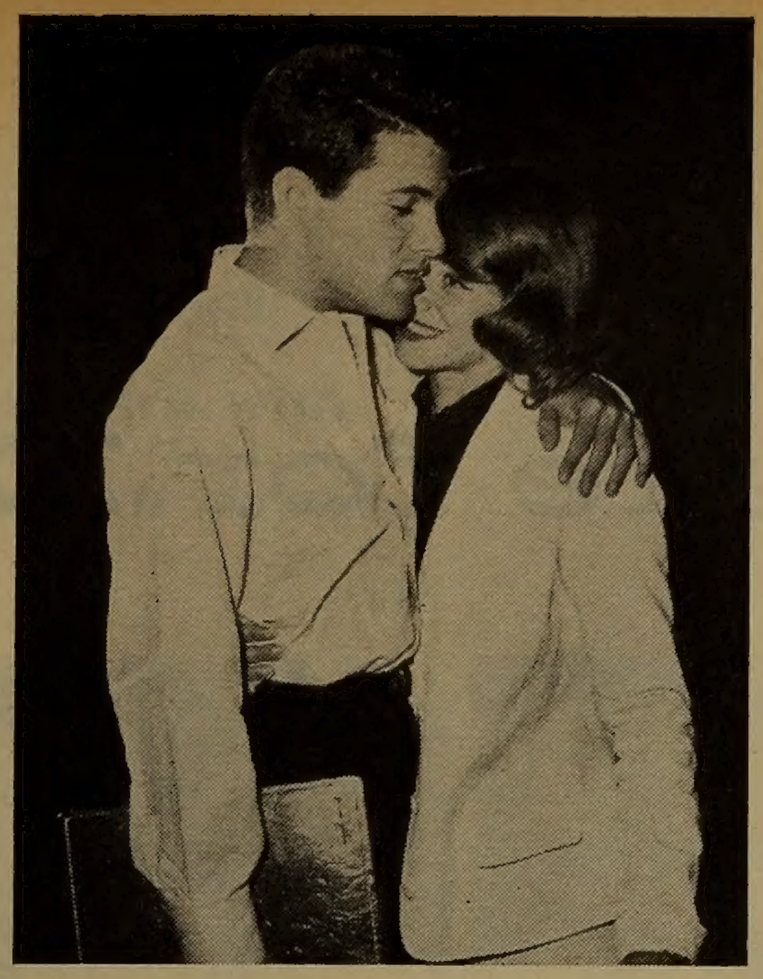
Come to think of it, they could call this the summer of reconciliations: **Bob Culp** of *Trackdown* is back with his wife, Nancy; **Dale Robertson** is again seeing his ex-wife, Jackie; and **Jack Webb** just wed **Jackie Loughery,** whom he first dated after his divorce from **Julie London.** Meanwhile, Julie is still engaged to ABC-TV's **Bobby Troup,** who was introduced to Julie by **Herm Saunders**—one of Jack Webb's best friends. There's a plot for a motion picture in all that somewhere.

The romantic countdown has begun for handsome, young *Lawman* **Peter Brown** and 20th Century's **Diane Jergens. . . . John Smith,** the new co-star with **George Montgomery** in *Cimarron City* and one of the most eligible bachelors in Hollywood, has but one love, a beautiful thing with lovely lines by the name of Pocahontas. John is a skin-diving, boating and fishing enthusiast, and *Pocahontas* is his trim little sailing rig.

Department of No Greater Love: A large fishing-tackle manufacturer of-



Host and director Alfred Hitchcock will do anything for a goose-pimple.



Most recent of Tommy Sands' belles is Judi Meredith, his co-star on TV.

fered **George Montgomery** an opportunity to spend the summer casting into twenty-two of the world's greatest fishing spots. George turned down the all-expense-paid tour to stay home with **Dinah Shore** and the children. . . . **Shirley Temple** and husband, **Charles Black,** however, took fishing poles and children in hand and trooped off to Lake Tahoe. "We stayed at a lodge," says Shirley, "where last call to breakfast came at 9 A.M. Now, I ask you, what kind of a vacation is that?" Pretty-as-a-rose Shirley came home to find that the California Orchid Society had named one of their blooms after her.

Meanwhile, **Gale Storm,** husband **Lee Bonnell,** and their army of boys —Phillip, Peter and Paul—marched through Georgia in a four-week trip of the East Coast's historical landmarks. . . . Every week during the summer, too, **Mike Ansara** has been making personal appearances to publicize *Broken Arrow's* Cochise. Mike has only seen his new bride—the lovely **Barbara Eden,** from NTA's *How To Marry A Millionaire*—on an average of once each week. That's no way to treat a squaw.

Diane Lennon, who, with her sisters and the Lawrence Welk band, has been making personal appearances all summer, too, can't wait to get back home from even an overnight junket to see what the mailman has brought from her soldier friend, **Dick Gass.** On the recent weekend trip to Denver, not one, but three, letters awaited her return. Since Dede and Dick have been gaining quite a bit of attention lately in national magazines, she sent him a gag birthday gift, a pencil and pad. Wrote Diane, "Now that you're famous, you'll want to sign autographs for the fellas at camp." But Dick's campmates only wanted a part of the chocolate birthday cake Dede had baked and enclosed. Later Dick used the pad to write more letters home to Diane.

Lawrence Welk went fishing for one week in Colorado, then back home to welcome daughter Shirley and her family to California. Shirley, her new daughter, and husband will take up residence near the Welk family home. . . . **Pete Fountain** and his family off for a two-week "ball" in their beloved home town of New Orleans. . . . **Annette Funicello,** busy making personal appearances, is excited over getting home to her new, black cocker spaniel puppy, "Zorro." . . . **Lee Aaker** ecstatic at being able to throw away his crutches after a broken leg had healed. . . . **Donna Reed** making mental notes of redecorating ideas for the new Beverly Hills home as she also prepares scripts for her new fall show.

Flashes: **Rory Calhoun,** of CBS-TV's *Texan,* and wife Lita are expecting. . . . Ditto **Jack Linkletter** and Bobbie. The kids were at Art's Holmby Hills home and Bobbie was trying to be very coy about the announcement. "Congratulations," she said to **Art Linkletter,** who was engrossed in a newspaper. "About what?" Art asked, without looking up. "You're going to be a grandfather." Dead silence. "Ah, go on," said Art. His wife Lois piped up, "That's right, Art. It's true." Art thought a moment. "This is worse than being cancelled," he said, then joked, "I can't be getting that old. I may be going to have a grandchild, but I'm not going to be called a grandfather." Later, Jack added, "Oh, Dad will be a grandfather, all right, and he'll love it. I'm counting on him to be the most experienced baby-sitter in the business."

Did you know that . . . When singer **Jimmie** (*Continued on page* 69)

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- **Protects All Day**

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. . loved by millions because it's so reliable . . . and *so thrifty!*

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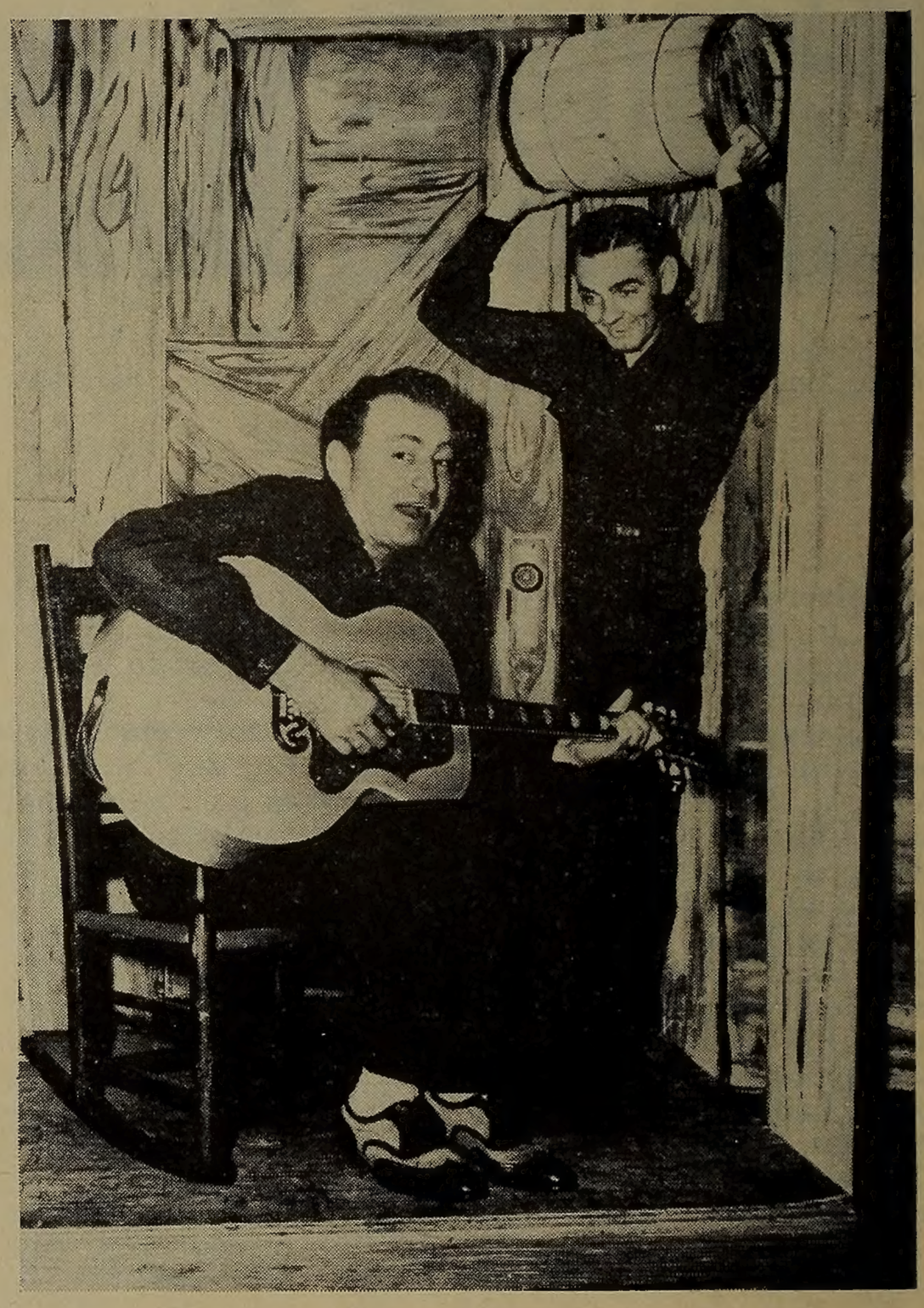
LANDER

CHLOROPHYLL DEODORANTS

Squares are for Dancing



The Lucky Pennies: L. to r., Penny West, Wally Proctor, Dean Richards, Tommy Watson. Frankie Taylor's on accordion.



Zeke and Slim offer comedy and contrast. "Slim" King is a quiet six-three. Zeke Turner's a talky five-five.

SOME FOLKS have said he's "corny." Well, that grain grows tall in Paul Dixon's native Iowa. In his adopted Ohio, he has 'em eating the corn right out of his hand. Affable Paul makes no bones about it. "I'm just a country boy," he says. That's the grass-roots trait that makes him a natural as the host of *Midwestern Hayride,* an up-beat excursion in the realm of country music beamed "live" from WLW-D in Dayton to coast-to-coast points on the ABC-TV network.

Six-foot-one, black-haired and blue-eyed, Paul is used to national acclaim. It came to him first with his famous television innovation, *The Paul Dixon Show,* the pantomime record show which he started in Cincinnati and then moved to New York and network. He thought of the idea, then brand-new, "because I was a radio disc jockey and didn't have the talent to do anything else on television." That's just Paul's modesty talking. The record tells another story, a success story of host and emcee stints such as his enormously popular *Hi Mom,* once telecast over WLW in Cincinnati, Dayton and Columbus.

That's the show Paul did just after he cheerfully left a million dollars of billing in New York to return to the Midwest he loves so much. He gave three reasons for the move: "My wife Marge and our children Pam and Greg." As Paul recalls, "All the time, I kept thinking: So this is New York, this separation from my family and friends . . . these hours of fighting traffic or listening to the clatter of railroad wheels . . . this constant running and driving and never having time enough to enjoy my home. Finally, I said to Marge, 'Is it worth it?' " The answer, from Marge and from the youngsters, was "no." After just six months in New York, the Dixons returned, in 1955, to where their hearts belonged.

Now, with *Midwestern Hayride* on ABC-TV as a summer replacement, Paul has his Ohio cake—and is eating it on a national network. Joining in

Hipsters are missing the beat if they fail to climb aboard with Paul Dixon on Midwestern Hayride



Paul Dixon says he's "just a country boy"—which makes him exactly the right emcee for *Midwestern Hayride* doings.



The Midwesterners swung-their-partners straight to the National Square Dance Championship and an eight-way career.

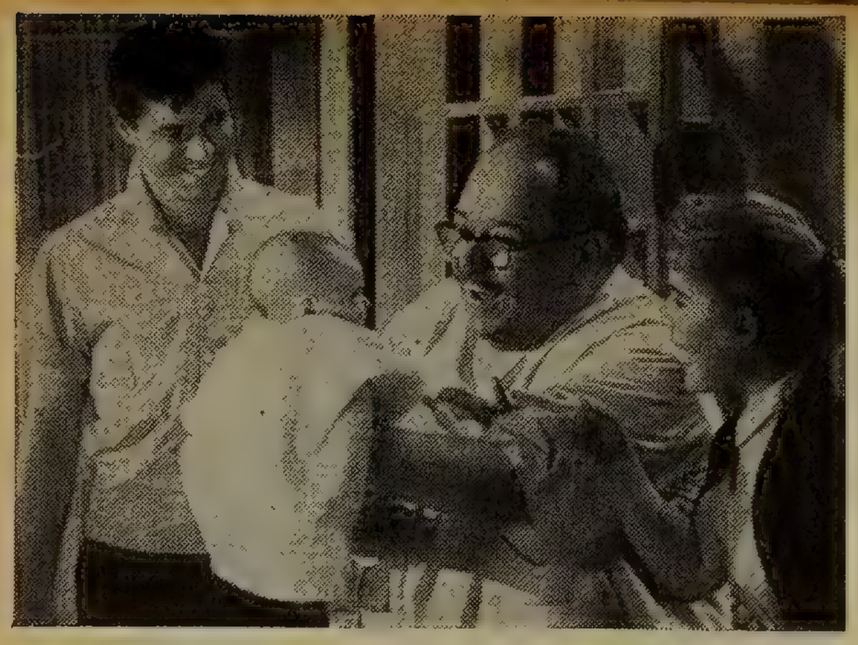
the feast is a hoedown of talent. Bobby Bobo, for example, can send his deep voice ranging over three octaves as he calls the square dances. Born in Brookfield, Ohio, he's twenty-six and even taller than host Paul. The lad who began broadcasting at age nine stands a lanky six-foot-five.

The Midwesterners are the champion square-dancers for whom Bobby does his calling. Four girls and four men, they turned "pros" after winning the National Square Dance Championship a few years ago. They've been featured in network TV, movies and in-person tours. More music is provided by The Lucky Pennies, a show-stopping instrumental group who also do vocal specialties. They've been country-and-Western headliners on network shows since 1945. The Hometowners, with Kenny Price as their featured soloist, offer vocal and instrumental harmony. And for laughs between the lilts, there are Zeke and Slim. Zeke Turner, five-foot-five, is the talkative player of the bass fiddle, guitar, mandolin and harmonica. "Slim" King, who sings baritone and bass and also plays guitar, is a quiet six-foot-three, 200 pounds. Rounding out the program are Phyllis Brown and Helen and Billy Scott.

The program "swings," as the city folks might say. It's right fine, their country brethren answer.



Bobby Bobo is the lanky, likely lad who calls the turns in three octaves.



Proud foster-pop Jerry Lewis shows off a small relative of Baccaloni, Connie Stevens.



Wrong side of the bars for Hugh O'Brian, who has a dangerous cellmate (Robert Evans).

TV favorites on your theater screen



Courtship back in 1884 takes Shirley MacLaine and Tony Perkins far away from today's rocking tempo. The dancing's different; sentiment's the same.

TV RADIO MIRROR

goes to the movies

By JANET GRAVES

The Matchmaker

PARAMOUNT, VISTAVISION

Dancing or clowning through her frequent guest appearances on TV, Shirley MacLaine usually looks whimsically out of this world. Now Hollywood tosses her into the innocent world of the last century, where, as a New York milliner, she's involved in the phony marriage-arrangement schemes of charming Shirley Booth. Paul Ford (you know him as Bilko's colonel) thinks he is to be paired off with the pretty young New Yorker. But Tony Perkins, as a skylarking clerk in Paul's store, has other ideas. Start to finish, it's all in fun, done with wonderful dash and style.

Rock-a-Bye Baby

PARAMOUNT; VISTAVISION, TECHNICOLOR

Once again the sweet-natured dope, Jerry Lewis here becomes full-time baby-sitter for triplets born in secret to movie star Marilyn Maxwell. She's been his idol since their childhood together, but it's Connie Stevens, her pert kid sister, who is obviously meant for him. Jerry and Connie (a new recording star) join in on the pleasing musical numbers in this occasionally risqué but well-intended comedy.

Quick Draw

20TH; CINEMASCOPE, DE LUXE COLOR

Defender of the law as Wyatt Earp, Hugh O'Brian goes wrong in a fast, violent Western. But he lines up with the good guys when mad killer Robert Evans goes on the rampage, even threatening Hugh's wife (Linda Cristal). If you've enjoyed the memorable Richard Widmark chiller "Kiss of Death" on recent TV showings, you'll take special interest in this new version of the shocking story.

At Your Neighborhood Theaters

King Creole (Paramount, VistaVision): Elvis Presley's strongest acting job, as a New Orleans kid entangled with gangsters. Folk songs, r 'n' r, tender ballads.

Kings Go Forth (U.A.): Powerful performance by Frank Sinatra highlights the dramatic story of two GIs (Frank and Tony Curtis). Both are attracted to Natalie Wood, as a half-Negro girl.

Gunman's Walk (Columbia; CinemaScope, Technicolor): In a solid Western, Tab Hunter's the ornery son of rancher Van Heflin, sings just one barroom ditty.

New Patterns for You



4726
14½—24½



4726—Graceful two-piece chemise cut on easy, relaxed lines. Printed Pattern in Half Sizes 14½-24½. Size 16½ takes 3⅝ yards 35-inch fabric. *State size.* 35¢

4500—Neat jumper with double-breasted bodice, wide-flaring skirt, perky companion blouse. Printed Pattern in Misses' Sizes 10-20. Size 16 jumper takes 3⅞ yards 39-inch fabric; blouse 1⅝ yards. *State size.* 35¢

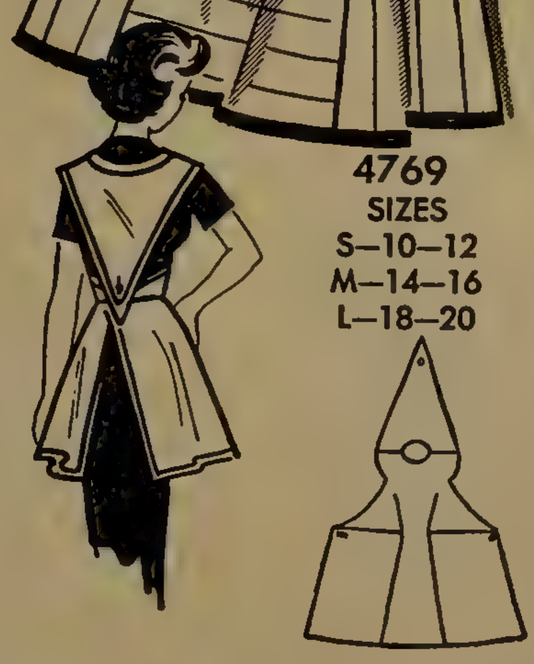
4618—Neat co-ordinates ring the bell for a back-to-school wardrobe! Printed Pattern in Child's Sizes 2, 4, 6, 8, 10. Size 6 jacket and jumper takes 3⅜ yards 35-inch nap; blouse 1¼ yards 35-inch fabric. *State size.* 35¢



4500
10—20



4618
2—10



4769
SIZES
S—10—12
M—14—16
L—18—20

4769—Wonderful apron for household chores; make it in absorbent terry cloth to bathe the baby! Printed Pattern in Misses' Sizes Small (10, 12); Medium (14, 16); Large (18, 20). Medium Size takes 2⅛ yards 35-inch fabric. *State size.* 35¢

Send *thirty-five cents* (in coin) for *each* pattern to: TV Radio Mirror, Pattern Department, P. O. Box 137, Old Chelsea Station, New York 11, New York. Add *five cents* for *each* pattern for first-class mailing. Be sure to specify pattern number and size.

Betty's BLUE



PERIODIC PAIN

Don't let the calendar make a slave of you, Betty! Just take a Midol tablet with a glass of water . . . that's all. Midol brings faster and more complete relief from menstrual pain—it relieves cramps, eases headache and chases the "blues."

"WHAT WOMEN WANT TO KNOW"
a 24-page book explaining menstruation is yours, FREE. Write Dep't B-98, Box 280, New York 18, N. Y. (Sent in plain wrapper).

Betty's GAY WITH MIDOL



SITTING PRETTY



Bruce Hayward counts off the six best reasons for staying on top of the beam at KXOK in St. Louis



Ticking off, counter-clockwise, is a houseful: "baby" Doug; mom Phyllis; Brian, 11; Cheryl, 4; Pam, 7; Greg, 9; and Big-Man-On-Carpet, Bruce.



"Live" wit like Jonathan Winters regularly sparks *Bruce Hayward Shows.*

IN ST. LOUIS, the *Bruce Hayward Shows* are "live" and kicking. And, like most "secrets" worth their weight in gossip, this scoop on Bruce was pretty well bruited about and bandied. It's just the trade—Bruce's colleagues at KXOK—who need convincing. The weekday news-music-and-talk shows are programmed 9 to 11 and noon to three. But one day it happened that Bruce had just launched into his 9 A.M. show—*at* 9 o'clock—when, without notice, the station left the air. A few seconds of silence were followed by the mournful bars of a musical "in memoriam." All at once, the KXOK switchboard was alight with calls from Hayward devotees. "Hey," they queried, "is Bruce Hayward dead?" . . . Bruce and the show were very much alive . . . and still talking. It seems the cable connecting Radio Park studios with the transmitter fifteen miles across the Mississippi had been cut by a grading operation, and the transmitter engineers had to grab the nearest record at hand—a portion of the late F.D.R.'s radio memorial. Late tuners-in heard the inexplicable dirge, and Bruce is still struggling to impress the punsters around KXOK that his shows are "live"—of, by, and for the living. . . . Though born and raised a Minnesotan, Bruce admits there's a happily wayward side to the Hayward nature. In '56, he toured the Iron Curtain countries. Other reportorial jaunts have taken Bruce and his lovely wife Phyllis to major European capitals. For such feats, Bruce must be air-minded in two senses. As the airlines go, so goes Bruce, and he's back on the airwaves before you can tune to *Hi-Fi Cloud Club,* Hayward's Sunday noon-to-five musicale. . . . Four years with KXOK, Bruce first "naturalized" to St. Louis some fifteen years ago. He worked his way through University of Minnesota by radio jobs in and around his native Minneapolis. But now, in St. Louis, he's sitting pretty at the top with a "houseful" of six good reasons why: First, there's Phyllis, then Brian, Gregory, Pamela, Cheryl and Douglas, ranging in that order, from 11 to 2 years old. During his 80-hour radio-TV week, Bruce must often catch his shut-eye on the run at Hayward's Hideaway—a room at KXOK equipped with sun lamp and vibrator lounge. But Saturdays are earmarked for feeding the "houseful." Bruce confides that his indoor cooking is confined to popcorn, but that, outdoors, he's "a tiger at the barbecue pit." Hayward's Hideaway was never like this! That's no secret.

CALLING ALL CATS





Host on this gig is Bobby Troup, here with Ella Mae Morse as guest.

The stars come marching in—
from Dixie or from 'way out
—as Bobby Troup leads
the ABC-TV parade of jazz



Bobby's engaged to his favorite of "stars of jazz"—Julie London.



One piano player to another, Steve Allen hands Bobby one of many awards.

THE SAME NETWORK that brings you Lawrence Welk has dipped into the other end of the sound grab-bag—and come up with *Stars Of Jazz,* seen Monday at 9 P.M. EDT over ABC-TV. This is the show that has filled its kitty with just about every award you can win in Los Angeles. Now it brings its dimly-lit, bare-stage, all-star-sound format to the national scene. Bobby Troup—who has been called the West Coast's answer to Leonard Bernstein—is the host-narrator, with the biggest cats of 'em all joining in with music that is strictly from Hitville.

A crew-cut composer-singer-pianist, Bobby Troup is a luminary himself. He's best-known, perhaps, as the composer of "Route 66" and "Baby, Baby All the Time." He's engaged to his very favorite star of jazz, Julie London, whom he discovered as a singer. They met four years ago, when Julie stopped by to hear Bobby and his trio.

"I saw that beautiful red hair of hers," he recalls, "and I kept hitting the wrong keys." "I thought Bobby looked like me," says Julie. "We both have rather flat faces with foreheads that run right into our noses." He first heard her sing at a party. "She was as shy as the smallest bud in a field of roses," he grins. "In fact, she would only sing for us if we stayed in the living room and she could remain alone in the kitchen." Bobby couldn't persuade Julie to do an audition, but he did persuade a club owner to hire her without one. When "Cry Me a River" sold a million, the shyness was gone.

Bobby himself needed less persuasion. His father ran a music store in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, and Bobby learned to play most of the instruments. He, too, scored on his first time out—with a song he'd written for a University of Pennsylvania "Mask and Wig" show. In the audience was Sammy Kaye, whose disc of Bobby's "Daddy" made the Number One spot 17 times running.

Making news in the music world, Bobby and Julie naturally make "items" in the gossip columns. Each has been married once before, and their engagement is likely to be a long one. Both want to take plenty of soundings before they take the plunge again. But till they turn to Mendelssohn and his march, no one can deny that they make beautiful music together.

Putting the "con"
in controversy,
guest columnist Joe Finan
of KYW says what he thinks
about Top 40 programming



WHEN KINGS STEP DOWN

By JOE FINAN

THERE'S a great abdication taking place, today, in a larger and larger segment of the radio industry. In their desire to be top rated, program directors and station managers are shirking their responsibility to program the widest possible variety of music. They've pushed the panic button marked "Top 40."

What is Top 40? In any given area, Top 40 lists are based on record sales in the stores. From week to week, the lists change—with some discs climbing close to the top to stay awhile or some dropping out altogether. But I see it as a formula that approximates automation through the repetition of these topmost numbers. Over and over again these records are plugged, without so much as taking into account the various age groups or intellectual levels of the listening audience. I'm sure most of the people tuning in to radio stations today have at one time or another wished that—once in a while—they could hear a Benny Goodman, a Fats Waller, or an Ella Fitzgerald instead of one more saturation play on a rock 'n' roll number.

But it happens that this is practically impossible at a Top 40 station. The over-all sound of such programming is automatic, repetitious and uninteresting, and sooner or later the listener will be driven to another station whose policy is not so rigid.

It's true, of course, that, in the last two years, many stations have been successful in using a Top 40 format. In many cases, vigorous and dynamic station management has made a success of the format, in spite of lack of variety in station programming.

But no radio station in a purely metropolitan area—such as New York, Cleveland or Detroit—can depend on a Top 40 list alone. The personality of the station, its policy on music programming—for all ages—and the job that station does making itself an integrated part of the community, are all equally important. In our own market in the Midwest, here in Cleveland, Top 40 has seemed ineffective in delivering the top audience. On the other hand, KYW, with an over-all appeal to all age groups, has drawn ahead.

Mitch Miller of Columbia Records summed it up in a speech at the disc jockey convention this past summer. He accused program directors of stepping down, abdicating their music policies. Into the power vacuum rush the teenagers, with phone-in requests and mail storms. But what of their parents, grandparents, and people who just don't like rock 'n' roll? And there are many!

Radio surveys have revealed that 60% of the radio listening audience is female (over 21), 25% male (over 21), and 15% teenagers. It is this 15% that control the pop single-record industry. And it is the taste of this young audience which many radio program directors have permitted to dominate their programming. Such favoritism ignores the differing music tastes of the other 85% of the radio audience.

Station KYW's over-all policy of music includes all age groups. Sure, we play rock 'n' roll. But, for recorded music, KYW depends on the more adult music, albums and standards. And it looks from here as though the next year or year-and-a-half will prove who's right in the pro and con of Top 40 programming.

The Joe Finan Show is heard over Station KYW in Cleveland, each Monday through Saturday, from noon to 4 P.M.

INFORMATION BOOTH

Compound Interest

Please write something about Dick Roman, young singer who won on Talent Scouts.

F. C., Columbus, Ohio

A few months ago, Dick Roman went investing. Now, he's already earning his dividends, and compounding them. Winner of the second $5,000 award on *Talent Scouts*, Dick decided the first thing he'd do—after buying his parents a gift—would be to sink the winnings in coaching, arrangements, etc., all the necessaries of a young singer's career. The investment was recession-proof, for Dick was soon signed by M-G-M Records. His first disc, "First and Last Romance," won't be his last on the charts. . . . Tall and handsome, with wavy blond hair, Dick qualified for the finals only a week before the big night, last spring. Winning the award and the recording contract were high points in a career that began at eight, when Dick played the lead in a summer-theater production in Northport, Long Island. Since then, Dick's done numerous club dates and spent one summer touring in a road company of "I Remember Mama." . . . Acting and singing are, of course, the big thing in young Roman's life, but, at present, he's shopping for a new hobby. Baseball was his former enthusiasm—specifically the baseball Giants of New York, who've gone West. Dick, too, is on the move—upwards.

Calling All Fans

The following fan clubs invite new members. If you are interested, write to address given—*not* to TV Radio Mirror.

Elvis Presley's Teenagers and Adults, Chaw Mank, Box 30, Staunton, Ill.

Eydie Gorme National Fans, Brenda Weinman, 305 E. 91st St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

International Red Buttons Fan Club, Mary Kucera, 430 Emerald Ave., Chicago Heights, Ill.



Most happy guy, Dick Roman won Godfrey $$$ and records pact.



Once upon a time, Carol Lawrence and Cosmo Allegretti both discounted marriage. Now, happily wed two years, they admit to having pre-judged a bit.

Greenwich Village Story

I'd like some information on Carol Lawrence, seen on recent Ed Sullivan *shows.*

M. B., San Jose, Calif.

They'd both made promises to themselves. Young Carol Lawrence had sworn she'd never marry—her career was all-important. Cosmo Allegretti had long before discounted all "actresses" as prospective brides. . . . Now, after two years of marriage, Carol and "Gus" are assured of their happiness, despite the contradictions inherent in two careers and typical show-business schedules. . . . For the past year, Carol has been charming Broadway audiences nightly with her singing, dancing and acting in Bernstein's hit musical, "West Side Story." But Gus, at the other side of the day, is up at dawn for his role of puppet-master on *Captain Kangaroo.* They're together 'most every afternoon, though, and Carol, a magnificent cook, insists Gus have a good dinner before she leaves for the theater. . . . Weekends are different. Then, it's long walks about Greenwich Village, where Gus was born and Carol is an enthusiastic adoptive resident. They're looking for a house, but it has to be the just-right one, and it must be "Village." . . . Born in Illinois, Carol danced at seven. When her parents accompanied her to New York to "see what auditions are like," Carol didn't watch—she auditioned, and won roles as featured dancer. Of Maria in "West Side Story," Carol says, "It's the perfect role. I'm sure I'm terribly spoiled, and that I'll never get another one like it." . . . Anything but spoiled as a homemaker, Carol designs and sews shirts for Gus and for his hand-carved puppets, seen on *Kangaroo.* "After all," explains Gus, "I'd never have married '*just* an actress.'"

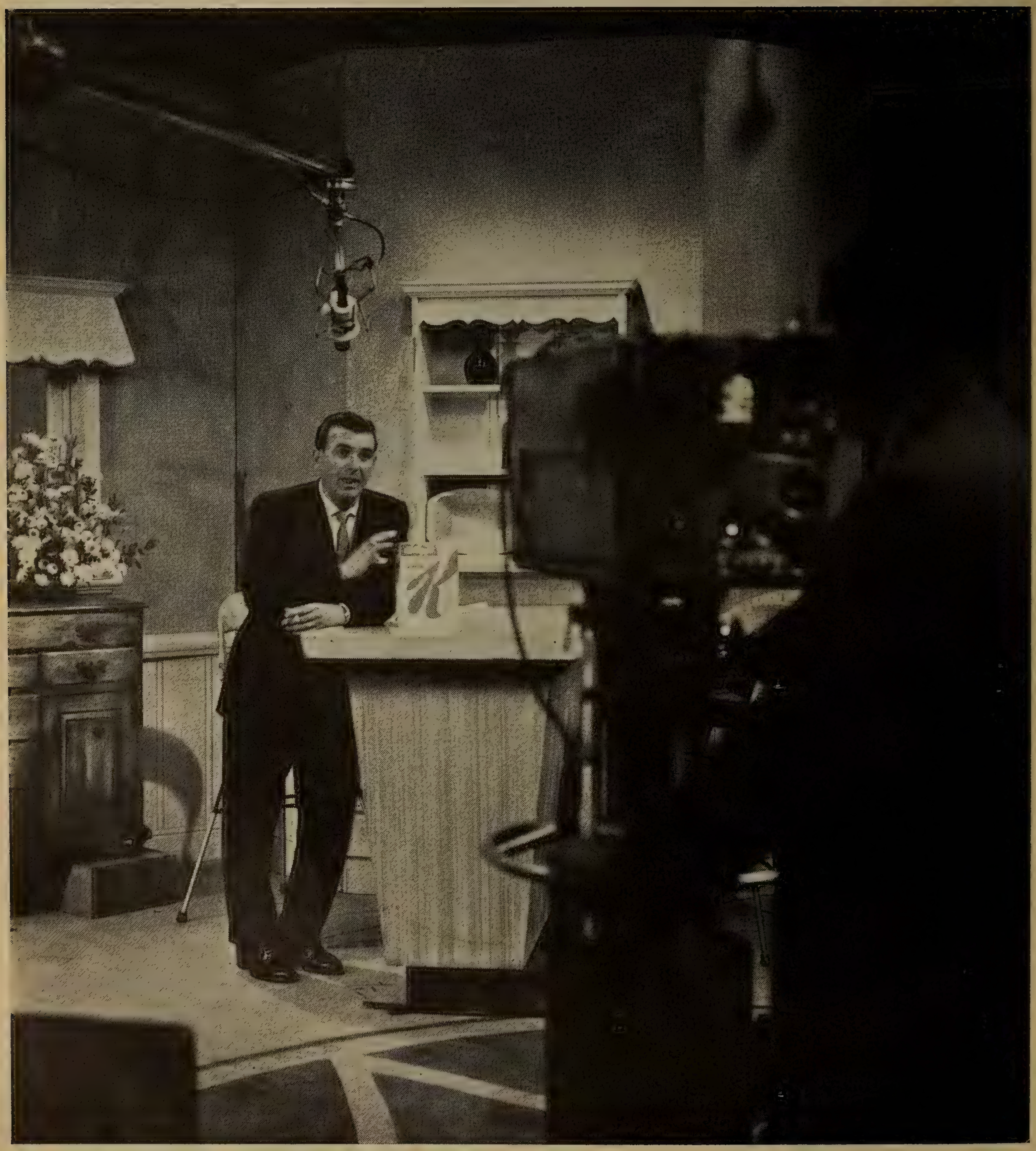
Teen Talk

On a recent Steve Allen show, guest Dick Clark of *Bandstand* reported on latest additions to teen-age slang:

Are your flappers plugged?—can't you hear me?
Big bug—popular guy
Brain-bomb—an idea
Chicks and daddybirds—ladies and gentlemen
Cube—a square in 3-D
Death on the drumsticks—hard on the legs
Fallout—inspiration
Hot biscuits—good records
Pound your flippers—applaud
Ripe—OK
Squeep—cross between square and creep
You're pretty ape—you look good

FOR YOUR INFORMATION—If there's something you want to know about radio and television, write to Information Booth, TV Radio Mirror, *205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. We'll answer, if we can, provided your question is of general interest. Answers will appear in this column—but be sure to attach this box to your letter, and specify whether it concerns radio or TV. Sorry, no personal answers.*

8 P.M. U.S.A.



Dennis James records a Kellogg Corn Flakes commercial on video tape at Telestudios, Inc., in New York City, the first independent firm to produce commercials and pilots on video tape. This revolutionary process records picture and sound, can immediately be projected.



George Gould, president of Telestudios, explains workings of video tape to announcer Dennis James. The tape, of two-inch-wide plastic, resembles a shiny brown ribbon. Below: Dennis checks monitor screen while technician plays back the video tape commercial. "You've got me 'live'," said Dennis.



What video tape means to TV viewers.

The fascinating story of

the newest 20th-century miracle

By HELEN BOLSTAD

FOR THE FIRST TIME since television began, program planners can arrange their fall schedules so that almost every viewer in the country may watch a favorite show at the most appropriate hour. In effect, they now have it within their capacity to wipe out time zones and make it, simultaneously, 8 P.M., straight across the broad breadth of the U. S. A.

The advantage of licking the troublesome conflict between sun speed, signal speed, clock time and human habit is obvious to any viewer who, because of his location, has been offered a major drama just when he wanted to eat dinner, or, at late night, has had the weird experience of watching the second half of the Jack Paar show "live" before the kinescoped first half could be delivered to his screen by his local station.

The technical advance which makes this matching-up possible is video tape recording. It has three advantages over film methods: (1) Without further processing, it can be played back immediately, if desired, or may be saved for future broadcast. (2) It can be erased and re-used. (3) It is said to be cheaper.

Given its first full-scale workout during the past summer, its primary purpose was to unscramble the mess daylight saving time usually makes of schedules.

Even this limited use has fired the imaginations of some of television's most talented people, who see in it the dawn of a new era. Prophets hold forth in every studio corner, and their predictions are limited only by their own imaginations and the credulity of their listeners. Its influence in programming, administration, engineering, labor relations and the personal lives of people who work in television is already being felt.

Dennis James is one who sees it as a solution to a personal problem. Dennis, in some twenty years, has worked through television's faltering era, "live" era, and film era. But Dennis, now one of the highest paid commercial announcers, has always hated film. He insists on working "live." He will rehearse all day for a few spots on a Kellogg-sponsored program, but he cannot, he says, prepare a whole schedule of them on film. "Once a producer stops me in mid-sentence to change lighting, I'm through. I can't work three days in thirty-second 'takes.'" Just as it was in the early days, when his shouts of "Oh, Mother!" wooed ladies to wrestling telecasts, his personal enthusiasm remains his greatest asset.

Dennis's world changed, the night he watched his friend, Sam Levenson, do a commercial. Phoning their mutual press agent, Nat Fields, Dennis said, "How come I just saw Sam do a 'live' commercial? I thought he was out of town."

"That wasn't 'live,'" said Nat, "that was tape."

"Tape!" shouted Dennis. "Then that's for me."

The day Dennis completed his own first tape run, one would have thought he had seen a miracle. As he finished his last word, the producer called out, "Okay. We'll spin it back and you take a look at it. If you don't like it, we can erase and start over."

Dennis watched wide-eyed. "That's me, all right. You've got Dennis James 'live,' (*Continued on page* 65)

Bud Collyer—For Real

The host of Beat The Clock and To Tell The Truth is "the genuine article." To quote wife Marian, Bud's just as good as he is handsome!



To Tell The Truth: Bud finds male and female panel reactions



Beat The Clock: Long-time emcee Bud has never met a contestant who wasn't a good sport. They all enter into the game's hilarious stunts wholeheartedly, although he notes a difference in the attitudes of men and women.

To Tell The Truth is seen on CBS-TV, Tues., 9 P.M. EDT, sponsored by Geritol and Marlboro Cigarettes. *Beat The Clock* is seen on CBS-TV, M-F, 2 P.M. EDT, under multiple sponsorship.

By FRANCES KISH

TO TELL THE TRUTH, Bud Collyer—host of the CBS-TV night-time show of that name, as well as of the daytime *Beat The Clock*—doesn't know the real person from the two impostors any more than the panel does. In the beginning, he was told the truth beforehand, but soon decided it was more fun trying to guess.

Ask him how good he is at guessing, and the answer comes fast: "Only average. No better or worse than the panel." That, of course, means "regulars" Polly Bergen, Kitty Carlisle and Hy Gardner, plus an interesting guest-star panelist each week.

Along with viewers all over the country who join in the game in their own living rooms, the Collyers at home like to play along with Dad, the panel and the studio audience. Mrs. Collyer (actress Marian Shockley), twenty-year-old Patricia (Pat), eighteen-year-old Cynthia, and sixteen-year-old Michael Clayton (Mike) all gather around the set and vote. They keep score of their own hits and misses—which, like Bud's, run about average.

The home-viewing Collyers are intuitive-type players, depending more on hunches than hints. "We don't even wait for the questions," Marian Collyer says. "We look at the trio of challengers and decide which two are the 'phonies' before they even walk down the stairs, even before they announce: 'My name is Such-and-such.' We just typecast them."

Some home viewers think they're better than the

Continued

To tell the TRUTH

GERITOL

differ, too. Pictured here (left to right) are Polly Bergen, guest "guesser" Ralph Bellamy, Kitty Carlisle, and Hy Gardner.

Playing games comes naturally to the Collyer family. Son Mike, daughters Pat (left) and Cynthia have the same sense of fun as Bud and actress-wife Marian Shockley.



Food and fashion are the concern of Pat, Marian and Cynthia, but Bud lends helping hand—or eye—on request. Below, Marian displays turn-of-the-century gown lent for her "Now and Then" scholarship-fund benefit.



Bud Collyer- For Real

(Continued)



With the two girls all set in college, the Collyers are ready for not-too-distant day when Mike also goes away to school.

experts on the show. They write Bud and tell him so. The conductor on the commuter train he rides from his home in Connecticut to the CBS studio in New York will tell him that he had a small bet with his wife the night before and won a quarter. Cab drivers, waiters, elevator operators, salespeople talk to Bud, say things like: "Oh, I knew Polly Bergen was right last night and the others were wrong," or "Man, wasn't that panel on a winning streak this week!"

A winning streak is part luck and part perception. Both Bud and the panel have discovered that there is absolutely no foolproof system for separating the two impostors from the genuine article. "Actually, I'm like a referee at a tennis match," Bud says. "I watch the ball go back and forth. I have the fun of playing the game but it's the panel that has to do the work, and they go through some black periods of indecision.

"Every once in a while, I see them huddling together, sure that they've discovered some magic system. One



Now that he's 16 (Pat's 20, Cynthia's 18), Mike has his driver's license—and permission to drive the family car.



Poodles "Mark" and "Jennie" are only two of many pets in a laugh-filled but orderly household where discipline is never a problem—because it's based on love and trust.

week, they'll decide they can tell at first glance, by the way a person stands or walks, whether he or she is a golfer, dancer, polo player, model, fighter. Kitty Carlisle thought the real person would smile a little when giving his name and be more relaxed because he wasn't playing a part.

"All good ideas, but they didn't work —because the real person is trying hard not to give himself away by his appearance, while the two impostors are trying equally hard to appear genuine. Now, they have tried and discarded so many systems they've come to the conclusion that there is no sure-fire system."

The men on the panel have a more hard-hitting, district-attorney technique in their questioning. The women are more casual and deliberate. Polly, in particular, hates to be hurried, and she and Bud have a running fun-feud about it. Every week, Bud gets letters from viewers, mostly complimentary but some asking, "Why do you rush Polly so?" Actually, the half-hour show is paced so (*Continued on page* 70)



Family musicales are frequent. Pat's a fine "long-hair" pianist, but Bud also encourages her to play "pop" stuff in which they can all join. He himself plays banjo and guitar, has taught both instruments to Mike.

Serenade to a Bachelor

So talented, so eligible . . . this is Andy Williams—his likes and dislikes, his dreams of the future

By MARY JAMES



Andy likes art—music, books, paintings.

HE LIKES cigars, blondes, stewed prunes, vanilla yogurt, Matisse and rare steaks—but can't stand fried onions, Popeye, paper napkins, and cocktail parties. ("I get very dizzy at cocktail parties, and I don't drink.") He likes TV Westerns, progressive jazz and poker—but is bored by grand opera, Mickey Mouse, whipped cream and bikinis. ("A bikini is too much of too little. After all, you can always overdo a good thing.") He is Andy Williams, who stars in *The Chevy Showroom* these Thursday nights on ABC-TV.

Archie Bleyer, who records Andy at Cadence, says it with verse: "Andy's all male—and catnip to quail." Andy, at twenty-seven, is a bachelor with brown hair, blue eyes—and gold. He struck gold in the past few years, yet has remained a man of mystery. There have (*Continued on page* 80)

Andy stars in *The Chevy Showroom,* ABC-TV, Thurs., 9 P.M. EDT, for the Chevrolet Dealers of America.

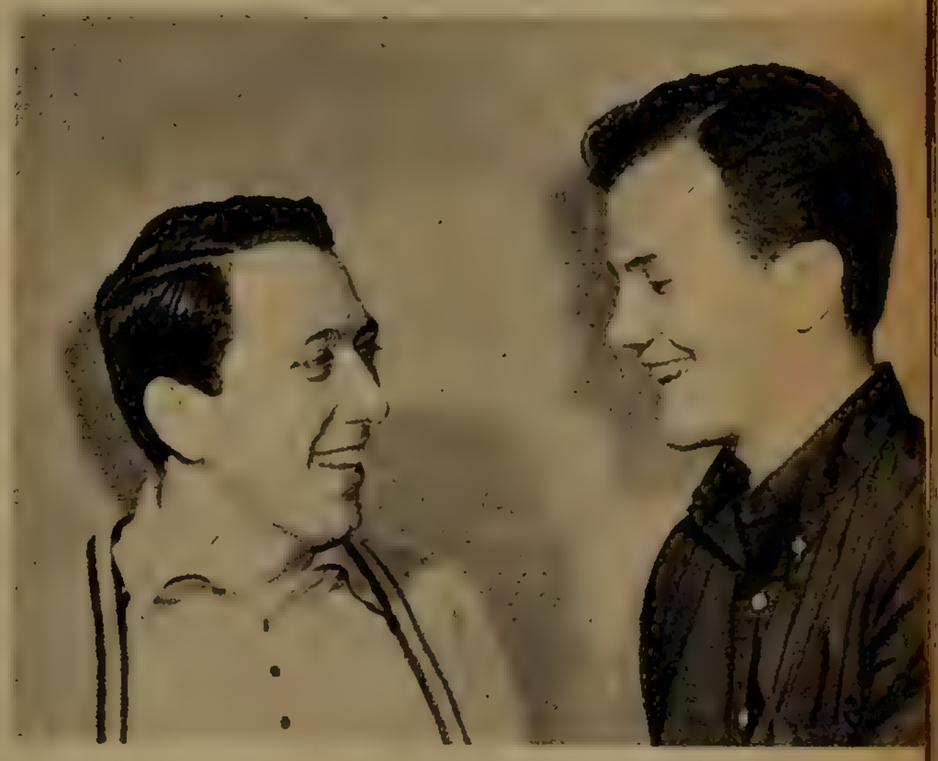
He doesn't like parties, prefers privacy, has an eye for pretty girls—especially blondes.







Above, with Archie Bleyer, for whose Cadence label Andy records. Below, with Pat Boone, whose *Chevy Showroom* Andy's taking over for the summer.



His personal life may be private but his voice is a well-known "public asset" —in night clubs or on TV guest spots with such stars as Shirley MacLaine.



On TV, Mona Bruns is Aunt Emily, sister of the beloved Rev. Dennis on *The Brighter Day*. At home, she's wife of actor Frank Thomas Sr. and mother of actor Frank Thomas Jr. All three are avid TV fans, watch each other's performances whenever time permits—and think the greatest holiday is one spent on the water.

Aunt Emily's "Extra Lives"



Boats are their greatest delight, next to show business. This spring, Frank Sr. went down to Nassau and sailed a schooner back to New York.



Bachelor Frankie is still living at home—up till now. "We make him too comfortable," says Mona. "But one of these days, it will happen."



Mona and Frank have never tried to "influence" their son. It was Frankie himself—at 9—who chose to follow his parents behind the footlights.

Mona Bruns and her all-acting family have so many Brighter Days, both on and off TV, they hardly have time to stop and count their blessings

By ALICE FRANCIS

MANY A MODERN WOMAN leads three lives—as worker, homemaker, wife-and-mother—but, in Mona Bruns' household, there are so many extra lives its members have almost given up counting. Mona herself, of course, is best known to CBS-TV viewers as Aunt Emily in *The Brighter Day*. Husband Frank Thomas and son Frank Jr. ("Frankie") are familiar faces, too, because of their own roles, past or present, in so many of the top television dramas.

Troupers all, they're quite accustomed to leading double lives, one in the public eye, the other in private. But, beyond this, they're a close-knit family and their sense of mutual identification is so strong that, as Frankie puts it, "If someone hadn't beat me to the title, (*Continued on page* 74)



Cueing his wife with a *Brighter Day* script, Frank says, "I sometimes don't know where Mona leaves off and Emily begins." But the Thomases are used to leading many lives!

Mona Bruns is Aunt Emily in *The Brighter Day*, CBS-TV, M-F, 4 P.M. EDT, sponsored by The Procter & Gamble Co. for Cheer, Gleem, Crisco.

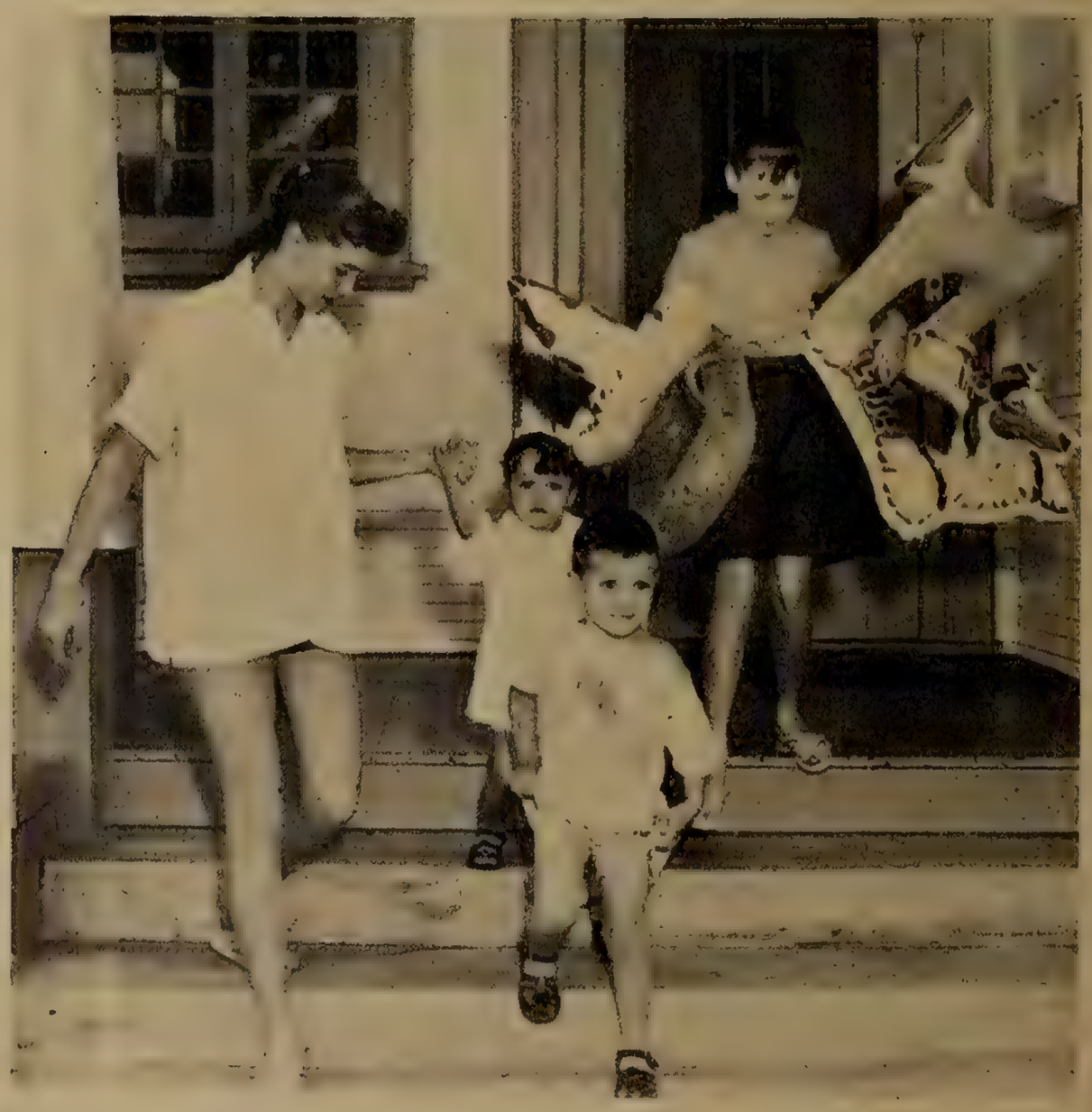
The Lennons in the Swim



Sun-lovers all, the Lennons and friends stake a claim to a section of beach and await arrival of Lennon cousins.

Welk's favorite all-girl quartet takes to the briny, accompanied by seven immediate relatives and a happy assortment of uncles, cousins, friends!

DIANE, PEGGY, KATHY AND JANET, who sing on the Lawrence Welk shows, are only four of a group of 43 fun-loving Lennons, children of the five Lennon brothers. On this wonderful day in the sun, 38 of the cousins gathered on "Jim's Beach"—so-called because Uncle Jim Lennon ran a hot-dog stand there, years ago, when Diane was still in the play-pen stage. Current play-pen tenant is Joey, Bill and "Sis" Lennon's youngest. The food, beach umbrella, bats, balls and blankets made a formidable check-off list. Sis says, "By the time we load all this loot, we're lucky to get in, ourselves. Today, Dick Gass and Chuck Wilson, two of the girls' friends, helped out with their cars or we never would have made it." But make it they did, for a salty, whoop-it-up good time.



Start of the take-off: Diane guides Mimi and Billy, as Janet tussles with six inflated rubber toys. Beach gear also includes play-pen, umbrella, back-rests, 12 towels.

The Lawrence Welk Show is seen on ABC-TV, Sat., 9 P.M. EDT, for Dodge Dealers of America. *Lawrence Welk's Top Tunes And New Talent* (ret. Aug. 25), on ABC-TV, Mon., 9:30 P.M. EDT, for Dodge and Plymouth. Other Welk programs are heard on the ABC Radio network; see local papers.

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When Brooklyn boy weds Bronx girl, it's like Romeo and Juliet. The two New York boroughs are as far apart as the poles, and meant long courting trips for Steve—till he married Eydie and they took an apartment in Manhattan.





Their singing's just too good: It got them together on Allen's old *Tonight* show, then kept them apart—and away from their new home—filling individual night-club and recording dates after their marriage last December.



Starring for the summer in Allen's big Sunday-night spot, the Lawrences make like newlyweds in their lovely home. It's really their honeymoon—though this bride already cooks so well they have to watch their weight!

The Faith of "Wyatt Earp"

Men must get down on their knees and give thanks to God, if they want to grow straight and tall—and true—like the marshal I play on TV





Above, Hugh at Hollywood Presbyterian Church. Right, in Marine uniform, about 1944, with the beloved mother who inspired him, and brother Don, now a Y.M.C.A. director in California. Below, on the grounds of Hugh's new home.



By HUGH O'BRIAN
as told to Dora Albert

THE SPRING AIR was fragrant with lilacs, as I walked home from school in Evanston, Illinois. I was seven, and as exuberant and mischievous as any boy that age. Passing the neighbor's yard, I thought of how much my mother—a wonderful, hard-working woman—would enjoy those lilacs.

The neighbor to whom they belonged was old and, in my eyes, quite cranky. And there were so many bushes. If I cut some of the lilacs, how much my mother would enjoy them—I thought—and how little Mrs. Brown would miss them! So, with my pocket-knife, I cut enough to make (*Continued on page* 82)

Hugh O'Brian stars in the title role of *The Life And Legend Of Wyatt Earp,* seen over ABC-TV, Tuesday, 8:30 P.M. EDT as sponsored by The Procter & Gamble Co. and General Mills, Inc.



BIG LOUIS *and His* KEELY



On stage at the Sahara in Las Vegas, they're "The Wildest," enthralling audiences with music both hot and sweet.

By DEE PHILLIPS

TO SHOW BUSINESS and their host of fans everywhere, they're "The Wildest." Louis Prima and his wife, Keely Smith, are the hottest thing in town—whether it's Las Vegas, where they hold Sahara Hotel patrons spellbound, season after season—or NBC-TV's national network, where they will appear regularly on Milton Berle's new show this fall. Their music is solid but mad—when Louis rides that golden horn into the stratosphere. It's sad but sweet—when Keely sings a ballad in that warm and haunting voice. And their humor is unpredictable, always—whether Louis is trying to break up Keely's supernatural calm—or

Louis serenades Keely with his trumpet and sweet-talk, is delighted when he finally "breaks up" her deadpan calm.



Off stage, with daughters Luanne Frances and Toni Elizabeth, the Primas are "The Mildest," contented in their home life after years of trouping.



The team of Louis Prima and Keely Smith possesses wild talent and a happy marriage, too. This fall, they'll be Las Vegas' gift to the new Milton Berle show

Continued →

At Las Vegas, breakfast for Toni and Luanne is bedtime snack for late-working Louis and Keely. They all take naps during day—and both Toni and Keely collect dolls.



Keely's imitating his trumpet-tooting antics in a mocking pantomime. The titles of their Capitol albums tell their show-biz story: "The Wildest," followed by "The Call of The Wildest," then "The Wildest Show at Tahoe." And, for contrast, Keely's own "I Wish You Love."

Everybody loves them. Few people know them. There are reasons for their reticence, of course, but you *can* get the private, personal story of Louis and his Keely if you catch them offguard—between the acts, and with their family—as we did recently, during their latest record-breaking stay at the Sahara in Las Vegas.

Finishing one of their many smash performances with Sam Butera and The Witnesses, the Primas head directly for the coffee shop. It is there, with people to see and business to be done, that the undercurrent of conflicting desires—the crossroads these two have reached—first becomes evident. Off stage, the madcap musician is a serious, deep-thinking planner. He goes immediately to the table where Barbara Belle, executive director of KeeLou Company—songwriter, manager, business associate, all in one package—sips coffee, waiting to get busy. Barbara Belle is the gate to the outside world into which Louis and his Keely walk so gingerly, when not on stage.

Meanwhile, Keely, with her natural quiet charm, may have stopped to ask some patron where she got her clown doll (clown-collecting (*Continued on page* 83)

BIG LOUIS *and His* KEELY

(Continued)



Playtime: Keely dons pedal-pushers to join her young 'uns. Louis is dressed for the golf course, looks forward to the day when all three of his girls can "walk around" with him.



Even while doing the team's "paper work," Keely keeps an eye on her children. Their family means more to the Primas than all the fame their years together have brought them.



Making music is sheer fun. Songwriter Louis does singer Keely's arrangements but her actions aren't rehearsed. She does what comes naturally, was puzzled when a TV director asked her to cue him for the camera when she was going to scratch her nose—she wasn't aware of this on-stage habit!





He Can Sing Anything

Toss a tune in the air, and

John Raitt can catch it . . . and send

it back to you smooth as velvet

By MAURINE REMENIH

HE MAY BE too big and brawny—and, above all, too masculine—to fit into Dinah Shore's fabulously feminine wardrobe. But how the man can sing! There's no doubt John Raitt fills a niche all his own, appearing on *The Chevy Show* this summer. Past triumphs on stage and screen have more than proved him ready for big-time TV, and the audience was waiting.

Seemingly, John was born for show business. Actually, for the first eighteen years of his life, he ran away from it as fast as he could go—and he was a track star. Back in Fullerton, California, where John grew up, nothing interested him much except sports. Work wasn't at all appealing. He would gladly expend vast amounts of energy on track or football field, but the only jobs young John ever held were those practically forced on him by his grandfather.

Grandpa Raitt, who had founded one of the first dairies in Santa Ana, back about the turn of the century, was justifiably proud of Raitt's Rich Milk. John's father had gone into Y.M.C.A. work, and John looked like the most likely candidate to carry on the dairy business—though his (*Continued on page* 86)

John Raitt is one of the top summer stars on *The Chevy Show*, colorcast over NBC-TV, Sun., from 9 to 10 P.M. EDT, as sponsored by the Chevrolet Dealers of America.



Trailing on this trek, Marj is still her husband's favorite leading lady. Now the family cast—supporting and otherwise—includes sons Dave (in barrow) and Steve, and daughter Bonnie.

John once sang too much! Richard Cummings (below) helped bring voice back, is still his teacher.



TV first felt full impact of stage and screen star Raitt with Mary Martin in memorable production of "Annie Get Your Gun."



Modern Music Man



Comes to Town

In person, Bill Page brings people —young and old—the same magic he "sells" on the Lawrence Welk shows

By LILLA ANDERSON



Elkhart, Indiana—home of the world's largest manufacturers of music instruments—welcomed Bill to huge North Side gym.



Left, "Champagne Music Maker" Bill in Hollywood with wife Musa and their son. Above, in Elkhart, with high-school miss Rachel Culp as vocalist, surrounded by the fourteen instruments he played in the clinic-concert—billed as "Pros and Conns."

EVEN THE SMALL FRY got to stay up late, the night the Music Man came to town, for he made music as exciting as a basketball game. There weren't quite the proverbial 76 trombones and 110 cornets on stage, but Bill Page played fourteen different wood winds and backing him was a 134-piece band. In addition to its trombones and cornets, it did include six sousaphones, eight flutes, three marimbas, three baritones, a piano, some basses and enough timpani to all but raise the roof of Elkhart, Indiana's huge new North Side gym.

Officially, it was called a music clinic and concert,

Continued

At 82, C. G. Conn's Charles Dimond Greenleaf still leads way to music appreciation—and participation.



John Davies (at rear) is director of instrumental music for the Elkhart high school bands which performed with Bill Page.





Welcomed home by son William Scott, 7, Bill Page soon proves modern educators' theory that science and music go hand-in-hand—by repairing a pedal on Scotty's bike.



Modern Music Man Comes to Town

(*Continued*)

starring Bill Page of the Lawrence Welk TV programs, accompanied by the Elkhart High School symphonic band and the school's dance band. But the show was, almost literally, a Chapter II—what happened next—for Meredith Willson's Broadway hit, "The Music Man."

Mr. Willson set the scene of his play in Iowa, forty-five years ago. The fictional fun begins when the engaging "Professor" Harold Hill, salesman for band instruments, fast-talks a town into outfitting a boys' band—then skips, without having taught the kids to play a note, for the simple reason he can't read a note. Caught by indignant parents, he is redeemed by the love of the town librarian and justified by the inspired kids who parade in his honor, showing off their experimental tootling.

In the 1958 for-real version, the fun was there but the chase was missing. Thousands of musical notes sparkled from Bill Page's fourteen instruments and, during his teaching sessions, he answered every question which the entranced students from five high schools could throw at him. Today, the Music Man has become a "clinician."

Sponsored by C. G. Conn, Ltd., the world's largest manufacturers of orchestra instruments, he's still a direct descendant of that fast-talking traveler who invaded Iowa and points east and west. C. A. Doty Jr., director of educational services for that company, will tell you cheerfully, "Willson's 'con man' was a Conn man." But there have been some changes made. The five clinicians which Conn now sends out around the country are noted performers in their own right. They are not instrument salesmen.

As Bud Doty explains, "We call the clinic-concert plan a 'declared dividend' to our friends, the music educators."

It proves to be a way to bring excitement to learning. In advance, the band director and the clinician work out a concert program. The music arrangements are made and the band begins rehearsals. The promise of playing with Bill Page or some other admired performer challenges each young musician to do his best. Having a name star also helps sell tickets. This money goes into the band's own fund to buy uniforms, instruments and music, or to pay for the band's trips.

One could see it begin to work, the moment Bill Page reached Elkhart. Bill, in the busiest "three days off" in TV, played *Lawrence Welk's Top Tunes And New Talent* on Monday night, Tuesday, after a recording session at Dot Records, he kissed his wife and son goodbye and rushed for the Hollywood airport. On Friday morning, he had to be back to rehearse for Saturday's *Lawrence Welk Show*. Almost every hour between was packed with activity.

A volunteer crew of Conn executives and students carried Bill's 190 pounds of instruments into Elkhart senior high school's band rehearsal room. As soon as he (*Continued on page* 72)

Sunday is the



eat day for busy Bill, his Russian-born wife Musa, and son Scotty.

Father and son spend many an enraptured hour in assembling the model planes Scotty loves. Bill brings back new ones from each out-of-town trip.



Dinner is usually the only meal Bill can eat with his family. But the menfolk often snatch a snack together, and Bill's quite a barbecue chef.



---

he Lawrence Welk Show, ABC-TV, Sat., 9 P.M. EDT, is sponsored by Dodge ealers of America. *Lawrence Welk's Top Tunes And New Talent* (returning ug. 25), ABC-TV, Mon., 9:30 P.M. EDT, is sponsored by Dodge and Plymouth. ther Welk programs are heard on ABC Radio network; consult local papers.



MENU

Madeleine Carroll's Shish Kebab
Rice with Pine Nuts
Boston Lettuce Salad
Dried Figs, Dates and Fresh Grapes
Small Sweet Pastries
Coffee

MADELEINE CARROLL'S SHISH KEBAB

To make 8 kebabs
Use:

- 4 lbs. cubed lamb shoulder
- 1 pound bacon
- 2 lbs. mushrooms, well washed and drained
- jar of bayleaves

Cut fat from meat, and, if necessary, cut meat into even-size cubes. Cut slices of bacon into pieces of the same width and length as the lamb. Sprinkle lamb with salt, freshly ground pepper, and brush lightly with olive oil. Arrange on skewers, inserting a square of bacon, a mushroom, and a piece of bayleaf between each cube of meat. Cook over charcoal, turning every once in a while until done. Serve with Boston Lettuce Salad and rice.

RICE WITH PINE NUTS

Serves 8
Measure:

2 cups rice

Put in a strainer or colander, and run cold water over it. Add 2½ cups boiling water, cover and let stand until cold. Drain. Bring another 2½ cups water to a boil, add:

the rice — 1 teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons butter

MADELEINE CARROLL'S

Shish Kebab

A savory summer supper . . . easy to prepare in the kitchen, then whisk outdoors for barbecue cookery

EVERY weekday afternoon, *The Affairs Of Dr. Gentry* brings to radio listeners the outstanding talent of Madeleine Carroll, in the dramatic story of a woman physician. As Dr. Anne Gentry, Madeleine portrays a woman adjusting to her professional life in a man's world, without in the slightest relinquishing her femininity. Such a role is very natural to Madeleine, known and loved by moviegoers, until her "retirement," as one of filmdom's most charming and beautiful actresses. Madeleine is in private life the wife of Andrew Heiskell, publisher of *Life*, and the mother of young Anne-Madeleine. When she undertook the radio series, which has now endeared her to a totally new audience, she did so because of the assurance it gave her of being able to handle her dramatic career with no possibility of conflict with her responsibility to husband and daughter. Starring in *The Affairs Of Dr. Gentry*, she can arrange her work schedule to fit the domestic chores she enjoys. A wonderful gourmet-cook, Madeleine loves outdoor casual meals, tends to give even a simple salad the small extra touches in flavoring which turn it from "just food" into a special taste treat. The recipes here are among her favorites for accomplishing just that.

Madeleine Carroll stars in *The Affairs Of Dr. Gentry*, produced and directed by Himan Brown, NBC Radio, M-F, 2:45 P.M. EDT.



"Dr. Gentry" turns housewife at home—with her own daughter, Anne-Madeleine, mother, Hélène Carroll.



Cover and cook over very low heat until rice is tender and water almost absorbed. Place in a skillet:

2 tablespoons butter ¼ cup pine nuts

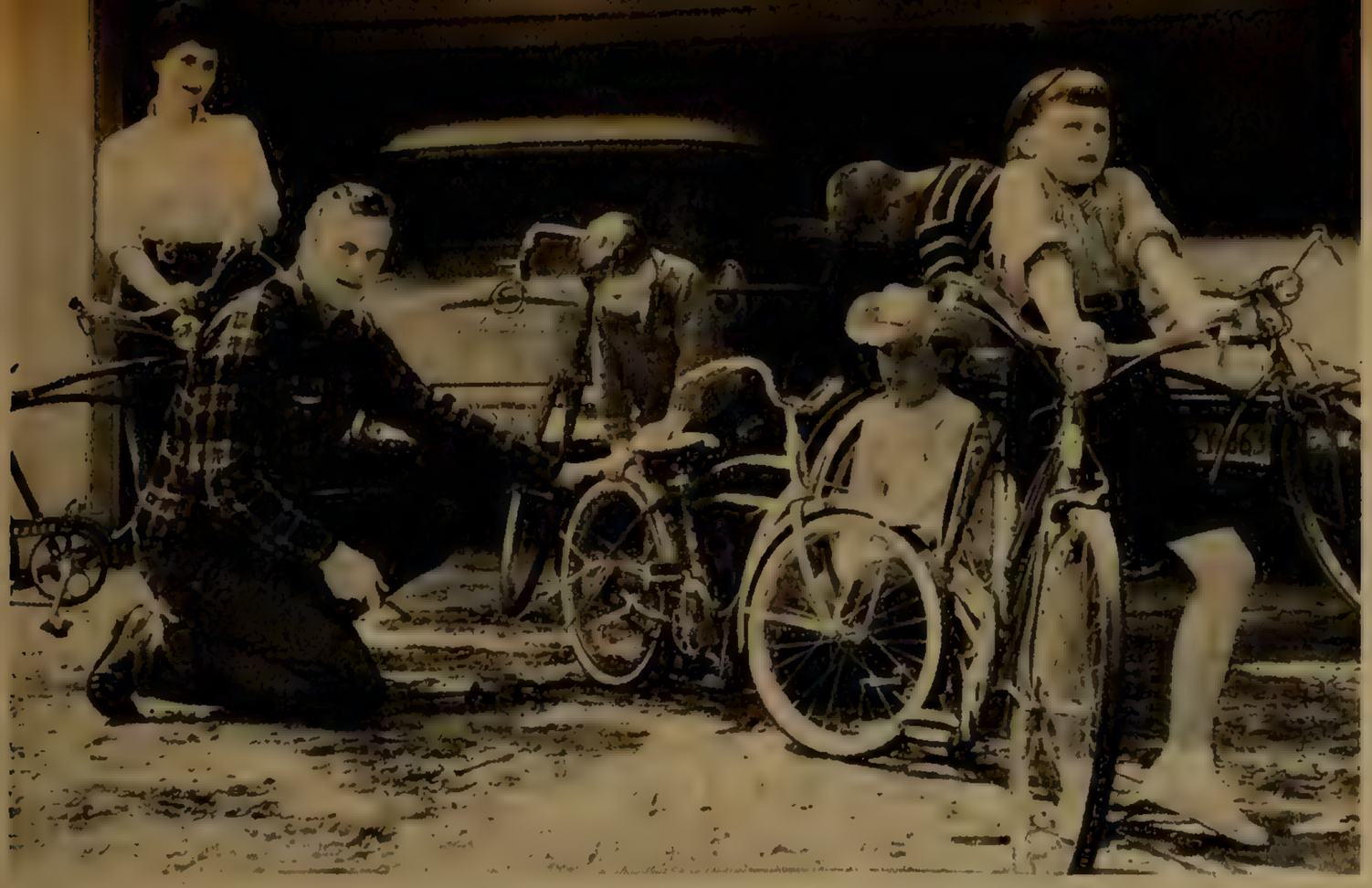
Cook over low heat until nuts appear toasted. When serving rice, sprinkle nuts over the surface.

BOSTON LETTUCE SALAD

Wash the lettuce by holding the head under gently running cold water, allowing the force of the water to separate the leaves. As each leaf folds back, break it off. Let drain on a towel, and place in a salad bowl so that the head looks whole again. Sprinkle the leaves with oil and fresh, finely cut tarragon and chervil. Season with freshly ground rock salt and freshly ground black pepper.

How the Marshal GOT MARRIED





Today, ex-beachcomber Jim couldn't be happier that he exchanged his status of bachelor for that of husband, father—and general bicycle-repairman, not only for his and Virginia's brood of three, but for the latter's young friends, as well.

Gunsmoke's Matt Dillon is a confirmed bachelor. So was Jim Arness—and poor, too!—till he met Virginia and learned how rich life could be

By MARGARET WAITE

THE SLIGHT, dark-eyed girl tossed her head in chagrin. "You don't love me," she accused. "You won't kiss me, and now you won't even buy me an ice-cream cone." The lean, lanky young man hunched down deeper behind the steering wheel of his car and stared gloomily into the warm summer twilight. How could he tell her that he couldn't buy her an ice-cream cone because he didn't have ten cents in his pocket? And that he couldn't kiss her—not in front of the director, the cast of "Candida" and the entire Pasadena Playhouse—because he loved her too much?

Young Jim Arness didn't mean to get involved. He had taken elaborate precautions to preserve his bachelor status—the poverty that was so carefree and picturesque, the gay camaraderie of the San Onofre bachelors who worked when there was work at hand—and, when not, spent sunlit days surf-riding or skin-diving, and moonlit nights settling the world's problems, philosophizing on women and how they were the ruination of man.

It all began when a friend took him to a rehearsal at the Pasadena Playhouse and introduced him to Virginia Chapman, the dark-eyed slip of a girl who was playing the title role in Shaw's "Candida."

"He was so sweet," Virginia describes that meeting in retrospect. "I'll never forget the long, (*Continued on page* 78)

James Arness stars as Marshal Matt Dillon in *Gunsmoke*, seen on CBS-TV, Sat., 10 P.M. EDT, sponsored by L&M Filters and Remington Rand.



Northward, ho—for a family vacation in the wilds of Yosemite. Above, older boy Craig traces their travels on the map for sister Jenny Lee, Virginia and Jim Arness, kid brother Rolf. Below, a pause on the trail.



Big Payoff

By TOM PETERS

THERE ARE certain rules necessary for survival these days," says Bob Paige. "Never give your wife a washing machine on your anniversary. Don't let your dog fight rattlesnakes. Find a job that is fun. Don't marry a woman who doesn't like your jokes. Never sleep six hours when you can go to bed two hours earlier and get eight. And don't be stubborn about accepting changes in women's fashions."

Bob Paige, host on *The Big Payoff*, stands six-two, has blue eyes and brown hair. He is trim, with the muscular build of a boxer. Fair-skinned, he wears a year-around tan—"If I don't get it on the golf course, I use the sun lamp because I don't wear make-up on the show." He has a naturally fine singing voice which eased him into (*Continued on page* 71)

The Big Payoff, hosted by Robert Paige and Bess Myerson, is seen over CBS-TV, M-F, at 3 P.M. EDT, sponsored by Colgate-Palmolive Co.

Only one thing can make easygoing Bob's blood boil—unjust or boorish behavior.



Eighteen years of fun, and never a harsh word. (But it's not, Betty hastens to add, that Bob can't fight—when he really has good cause!)

for the Bob Paiges

Bob and co-star Bess Myerson (below) are both pleased when they can prove to a lucky viewer, by phone: "It pays to watch *The Big Payoff*."









Wife Betty is Bob's own "grand prize." He's proud of her looks, her taste in clothes—even her new hairdo, which almost caused their first real quarrel in years of marriage.

the Blonde with the



Wendy Drew and her Afghan, "Wajid," outside her Manhattan apartment. Both have a talent for being blonde and being noticed.

Brunette Personality

"I *feel* like a brunette," says blonde actress Wendy Drew. She develops the feeling with dramatic make-up, exciting fashions

By
HARRIET SEGMAN

SOME BLONDES are all pink and white, cuddles and cuteness. Not Wendy Drew, the fair-haired girl who plays Ellen Lowell on *As The World Turns* (CBS-TV). It would be easy for her to be all frills and bows with her 98-pound, size-five figure, and naturally fair complexion. Instead, she chooses a more dramatic and striking look. Starting with her make-up, she subdues the pink in her skin with honey-toned beige make-up foundation and face powder. Sun or sunlamp lend a year-'round golden tan. "I like a one-tone hair and skin effect," she explains. Wendy feels that dark lipstick is hard-looking on a blonde, so she makes up her full, soft mouth with shades of pink, apricot, terra cotta or brownish coral. She accents her eyes with brown mascara and pencil by day, blue or green mascara and eye shadow for evening. A soap-and-water girl, she finds that frequent sudsings keep her oily skin fresh and clear. Because she knows there are no oil glands under the eyes, she wisely pats on a rich eye cream before bed. Her hairdo, a modified "bubble" or "pouf," is cut fairly short and set like a pageboy bob on very large rollers. In her TV role, she wears it less full and slightly longer. For body and brightness, she shampoos three times a week and sets with beer. "A soft permanent helps retain fullness if hair is too soft to hold its shape," says Wendy. She loves perfume and bath oil, uses both generously. Her fashion favorites include slim knits, nubby tweeds, and full, fuzzy fabrics which only a slim figure like hers can wear to advantage. Like most blondes, she often chooses blues and greens (her apartment is blue and green, too). But she also favors sophisticated earth tones, black and pale beige, big houndstooth checks and Oriental paisleys. Proud, she admits it, of her pretty legs and feet, she adores colored cotton stockings (muted green, gray, black, camel, red, blue), seamless tinted nylons (plum, peacock blue, muted green, according to her costume), and shoes in many hues, including olive green and gold. "Pointed shoes were made for me," she says. Wendy and her sister Allegra Kent, a solo dancer with the New York City Ballet, share a step-down apartment in Manhattan ("Grandma calls it a basement") with a tiny garden for a fair-weather living room. Regardless of weather, sunny and warm is usually Wendy's own prevailing climate.



Studying script in her garden, Wendy wears knit tights, velvet top, and desert boots.

Wendy loves flowers—below, in her robe and slippers; at right, in her dining corner. Her apartment has antique touches (note brass bed and carriage lamp) and paintings of unicorns and sad-faced lions.





Chicago's Clan McNeill



Quite a trio Don and Kay McNeill take fishing—their "shortest" son is six-feet-four! In family portrait on facing page: Don with Tom, 23, and Don Jr., 22; Kay with Bob, 17.

At 25, Don's *Breakfast Club* is older than his boys. Cutting cake —Dick Noel, Carol Richards, Don, Fran Allison, Sam Cowling.



Don has been a big man on Breakfast Club for a quarter-century. And, to three strapping young men, he's nothing less than "the greatest"

By GREGORY MERWIN

"You've got a hard thing to write," Don McNeill Jr. observes, "because Dad's got this intangible quality. I know that on *Breakfast Club* he's a pepper-upper, a talker, and humorous. But, around the house, he's quiet and reserved. He's never preached at any of us. He's never tried to dominate us. For me, he's a saintly man. You meet people like him occasionally—my roommate at school was like that, too. 'Charitable' describes him, but I don't know how you'll get it on paper."

This past June, Don McNeill observed his twenty-fifth year on ABC Radio. In that time, he has awakened, cheered and inspired

Continued

Chicago's Clan McNeill

(Continued)

three generations of Americans. But, off-mike, he has been less than extroverted, almost shy. He understates himself: "I'm a pretty simple guy. Fishing, hunting, golf and family life seem to satisfy me. Every once in a while, the family does something special, like going to Europe or Honolulu, but we're always glad to get home and back in the old routine. I guess the show reflects my attitudes and philosophy."

Don is reflected in more concrete examples in his three sons. They are giants: Tom, 23, stands six-four and sweeps the scale at two-twenty-five; Don Jr., 22, peaks at six-six and weighs in at two-twenty; Bob, 17, stands six-four at one-ninety. Each is different, an individual in personality and appearance. Tom, a redhead, is reflective, suave and personable. Don Jr., with brown hair, is sensitive and emphatic, exuberant and charged with restless energy. The youngest, Bob, with black hair that matches his father's, is analytical, intense and competitive.

All three have been honor students. Tom and Don were graduated *summa cum laude* from Notre Dame. Tom, a law school graduate this June, won election to the Lawyers' Staff. Don was president of his senior class. Bob, who will be a (*Continued on page* 76)

Don McNeill's *Breakfast Club*, now in its 26th year, is heard over ABC Radio, Monday through Friday, from 9 to 10 A.M. EDT, under multiple sponsorship.

Like her husband and sons, Kay McNeill's a keen competitor at sports.

Just as his own dad did it, Don teaches his boys the joys of fishing.



Boating: Don Jr. and Bob—Tom and Don Sr. Vacation



Don sets more store by spiritual values—and a sense of fair play and fun with sons Bob, Don Jr., and Tom.

treat is one of few McNeill "material possessions."



At home, more activity—at basketball set-up behind the garage.



SEE A COMPLETED

Story-Book Home

Visit and inspect the builder's model house nearest you.

See for yourself—in any of these model houses—
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can make living happier for your family.

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BABY GRAND PIANO for your living room
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House built for the lucky winner by
Macfadden Publications, Inc. and The Flintkote Co., in cooperation with



"THE PRICE IS RIGHT"

Starring BILL CULLEN

Tune in—Thursday nights—
August 14—21—and 28
NBC-TV Network—10 p.m., E.D.S.T.
(Check local newspapers for time changes)

Here's all you need do to win: Simply guess the total, combined price of all these handsome prizes. The person who guesses closest to the correct total price of the Story-Book Home plus the other prizes (without over-pricing) will *win them all!* House built for the winner anywhere in the United States.

Note: You do *not* have to see the program to enter. All our readers have a chance to win! But you'll see more, know more, if you watch the show. So tune in!

Write your guess—just the total dollars-and-cents price—on a *postcard,* together with your name and address. Mail it to the address below. You may send as many guesses as you like; but each entry must be on a separate postcard with your name and address. (Do *not* send entries in envelopes!)

In case of a tie, there will be a bidding run-off. The decision of the judges will be final.

Entries must be postmarked before midnight, August 29th, and must be in the hands of "The Price Is Right" judges before midnight on Monday, August 31st. The winner will be announced on a later show.

Mail all entries to:
Home Showcase, "The Price Is Right," P. O. Box 645, New York 46, N. Y.

CALIFORNIA

Rand Construction Company
6363 Wilshire Boulevard
Los Angeles 48

Model: Ransdale Tract
Riverside County
(Open 1959)

FLORIDA

A. Paul Young
Boynton Beach

Model: Sabal Isle
U. S. A 1 A, near
Boynton Beach

INDIANA

Root Lumber Company
527 Sheridan Street
Crown Point

Model: Rose Ellen Drive
Crown Point

H. J. Hoevel
2435 Shadyoak Drive
Ft. Wayne

Model: Hoevelwood
Ft. Wayne

Town & Country Homes
Louisville, Ky.

Model: Merryman Drive
Jeffersonville, Ind.

KENTUCKY

Town & Country Homes
Louisville

Model: See Indiana listing

MARYLAND

Humphrey Builders, Inc.
300 Springbrook Drive
Silver Spring

Model: 12601 Springtree
Drive, Springwood
Sub-division
Silver Spring

A. J. Watkins & Sons, Inc.
19 West Pennsylvania Avenue
Towson 4

Model: 226 Ridgley Road
Hunters Hill
Towson 4

MASSACHUSETTS

Custom Construction Co.
Steve Dwyer, Realtor
Route 3A
Cohasset

Model: Whitter Drive
Scituate

Model: Woodland Drive
Cohasset

Edward A. Veno
Boston Post Road
Wayland

Model: Sedgemeadow Road
Wayland

MISSOURI

Nathan Wolff
3658 West Pine
St. Louis

Model: Paradise Village
St. Charles County

MONTANA

Bailey Construction Company
2964 Harrow Drive
Billings

Model: Yellowstone Country
Club Heights
Billings

NEW JERSEY

Princeton Manor
Construction Company
10 Nassau Street
Princeton

Model: 67 Randall Road
Princeton

Totem Village
Whitehorse Pike (Rt. 30) &
Central Avenue
Hammonton

Model: Block B
Totem Lakes
near Hammonton

OHIO

E. M. Schuler, Inc.
1481 Middle Belliville Road
Mansfield 5

Model: 1066 Bellaire Drive
Southern Estates
Sub-division
Mansfield

PENNSYLVANIA

A. L. Pennewill
Pikemont Drive
Gateway Terrace
Wexford

Model: Pikemont Drive
Franklin Estates
Wexford

Model: Shannopin Highlands
Ben Avon Heights

N. P. Ninneman, Inc.
Park Circle
Camp Hill

Model: Drexel Hills Blvd.
New Cumberland

TEXAS

Kenneth L. Musgrave
Construction Co.
P. O. Box 1743
Abilene

Model: 3520 Hunters Glen Rd.
Abilene

Helms Lumber & Building
5212 Airline
Houston

Model: Braewick
Houston

WISCONSIN

Pioneer Builders, Inc.
5501 West North Avenue
Milwaukee 8

Model: 14440 West Lilly
Heights Dr.
Brookfield

Furniture in model home by
Princeton Furniture Mart

. . . As we go to press, 267 other builders in other states have purchased complete plans and specifications, but had not as yet reported starting their models.

The Story-Book Home

OF THE YEAR!



PHOTOGRAPHY BY HELFER-MAYO

"CONTEMPORARY"
(Complete Version)

Basic House
$14,000
Owner-Finished
$16,900
Custom-Built

Not including price of land

THE BIG FAMILY DREAM HOUSE that grows into an all-year-'round paradise at a price the average American family can afford today! Five exciting models, all with same basic floor plan

GO BUY YOURSELF a part of America—a piece of this blessed land—and build yourself a paradise for you and yours.

There is no safer, sounder, or saner thing to do. It will help insure your family's future and increase Father's earning power. It will help raise happier, healthier children . . . keep your family growing together through the years. And it will help preserve the love and romance that every normal man and woman needs for real happiness.

It is little wonder that America has changed, in less than a single generation, from a nation of renters or tenants to a nation of home-owners. More than half the readers of this magazine now own their own homes.

This fabulous Story-Book Home was designed by and for our readers, most of whom have large families with more babies still to come. To the ideas of our readers were added the new wonders of science, to give you a home where you can live in comfort and pride and privacy, and bask in "sunny" climate all-year-'round. You can even swim in "tropical moonlight"—lush, warm, and lazy—every single night of your life, summer and winter.

Loll around in privacy in the soft, caressing water of your own big *indoor* pool before you go to bed. And then—the deep sleep of a man and woman whose lives are full and wonderful.

This is the Story-Book Home, now available to any successful young American working man who wants more for his family than any king could have had a few years back.

Read the thrilling story of this new young working man's paradise—that you can afford today—or build in three easy steps for tomorrow. The following pages tell the whole wonderful story.

FOUR BEDROOMS!

Separate children's wing · 28-foot living room

$1,100 Owner finished
$2,500 Custom built

All this, and a kitchen, too, in the center of this "DREAM HOUSE." Owner-finished, only $18,700; Custom-built, $24,800 complete with INDOOR POOL!



BIG FAMILY-TV ROOM . . . .

with adjoining 3 bedrooms and extra bath form separate children's wing that parents asked for. Children enter from covered carport, leaving mud and wet clothes behind. Floor is easy-to-clean vinyl-asbestos Tile-Tex, made by the Flintkote Company.

HUGE 28-FT. LIVING ROOM . . . .

(with special dining area) is really just for Mother, Dad, and their friends. Looks through window walls, across water of indoor pool, into the garden. Walls in rich cherry Weldwood and washable Kalistron (optional) promise to last a lifetime with no upkeep.



THREE BEDROOMS FOR CHILDREN . . . .

In daytime, Kalistron-covered folding wall opens two bedrooms into one large room for choo-choo trains, games, and fun. At night, wall separates rooms again (with double-deckers sleeping four). Third bedroom can be used as a guest room when needed.

MASTER BEDROOM . . . .

—panelled in Korina Weldwood—is just where mothers wanted it—close to the kitchen, and close to the children, too. You can come and go to your kitchen without being seen when the doorbell rings . . . also you can step from bedroom to outdoor terrace through jalousied French doors.

TWO BATHS!

family room with fireplace · 28-foot rumpus room

$14,000 Owner finished
$16,900 Custom built (You do no work)

$3,600 Owner finished
$5,400 Custom built





The *indoor* pool requires little or no work . . . the filtering and cleaning are almost entirely automatic. Filtered water requires changing less than once a year. Then you can use the water on your lawn or garden during a dry spell, and you don't waste a single penny!

And . . . your huge INDOOR heated SWIMMING POOL





PHOTO BY H. MELFORD

Here's the story of how it builds family love, children's popularity, better discipline. The kids are pals, but not underfoot. . . . Here too are marvelous new ways it makes family living easier for Mother. . . . And how the fabulous, heated indoor swimming pool can help pay for itself

ANY WOMAN WOULD ENVY THE

THE STORY-BOOK Home is not just a shelter, like so many houses. It's a family kingdom where *all* members of the family can work and play—together when they want to be, or quietly alone, if they prefer. The parents' portion can always be ready for guests. Teenagers can take over in their own wing of the house. Children can build their friendships at home, instead of roaming to find their fun. Mother and Dad can have a social life without spending hard-earned cash in town. Any day—every day—can hold the glamour of a summer resort.

The soft "tropical" climate of the indoor pool is for all to revel in day or night. Most families spend more money in just two weeks' vacation each year than the entire cost of financing their swimming pool at 6% interest! And swimming, as exercise, is worth a fortune to family health. Some mothers and fathers give neighborhood swimming lessons and make the pool pay for itself many times over. Some organize swimming clubs, and everybody else chips in with the refreshments.

The house has no waste space, no waste motion for Mother. And only the finest materials! American-Standard bathrooms, in lovely colors; folding walls made of wonderful, washable Kalistron, that looks like leather and lasts longer; panelled walls of beautiful V-Plank Weldwood, that will stay beautiful for the life of your home; floors covered with extra durable, easy-to-clean Tile-Tex vinyl, and in the living room with soft, quiet Tile-Tex rubber-tile, that needs no waxing or polishing.

Husbands will recognize the value of Seal-Tab hurricane-resistant roof shingles by Flintkote; fireproof Van Packer chimney with round, prefabricated flue, saving time and money; the pool walls and ceilings moisture-proofed with a scientific plastic (polyethylene sheet). *No* humidity problems in this swimming pool home. You make your own climate. When you want moisture added to dry, heated winter air, crack open the sliding glass door to the pool. To shut out moisture, just keep the door closed. Furniture never "dries out" one minute, "swells up" the next. Doors and drawers don't stick or bind.

Read more and see more on the color pages that follow. Send for a complete set of plans. Then list your old house "for sale," and you'll be on your way to a new, happier life—now possible for almost any successful young working man and his family!



Westinghouse refrigerator and freezer (optional) under luncheon counter make meal serving and entertaining easy.



Kalistron-covered folding wall divides double bedroom for sleep. Kalitex wall covering can be scrubbed.



Extra children's bath with American-Standard tub that saves hot water. "Coronation" Micarta walls, with their smooth, gleaming surface, Kalistron wall covering, and vinyl Tile-Tex floor make clean-ups quick and easy.



In this big 28-ft. rumpus room, bright and cheery with (optional) V-Plank Weldwood panelling and asphalt Tile-Tex floors, you could also set up a work bench for Dad. Fun for all, gives kids extra play space, keeps living rooms clean.

MOTHER IN THIS *Story-Book Home*



No stoop, no stretch, no step-ladder! Mother can reach every towel and blanket in this linen closet, as she stands on stairs to children's wing!



In this luxurious combination bathroom, with its American-Standard plumbing fixtures and marble-like Micarta vanity and walls, hubby can shave as wife applies make-up.



Now it's a powder room—simply by closing the folding divider! Guests enter from living room panelled in rich cherry Weldwood.



Here is living room in Colonial model, with pool area converted to indoor garden. Soft rubber Tile-Tex floor is comfortable underfoot, requires no waxing, and helps to deaden rumpus-room noise. If you prefer to add your indoor pool or garden later, you can put a flagstone terrace just outside the sliding glass doors.

EVEN HOLLYWOOD MOVIES NEVER



THIS SHIMMERING "TROPICAL PARADISE"—your 32-foot pool—lets you swim and sun-bathe even in coldest January. Helps Dad relax after work.... Makes home a teenagers' center.....Keeps Mom in all the family fun.



IF YOU'RE TOO OLD TO SWIM and the children have gone, pool area converts into a handsome dining room and garden where you can entertain with your Community silver and best china. There is plenty of room for all your guests.

THIS BEAUTIFUL INDOOR GARDEN, and the dining room shown above, can be built *instead* of the pool—or converted later by simply filling pool with earth and adding a flagstone floor yourself. Keeps outdoor beauty indoors all year.



REGENCY—a massive looking house in traditional design. Side-lighted front door, huge bay window, and bright shutters give it real Story-Book Home distinction and character.

COTTAGE COLONIAL—Bright and white with its wide bay window, shutter-windowed children's wing, and brick swimming pool wing .... It builds easily complete, or in 3 stages.

Four other models

(*All have same*

THIS FABULOUS Story-Book Home was designed to satisfy almost every taste in architecture. The five versions have the same basic floor plan —and can all be built for approximately the same price. Also, all can be built in three stages, except the 20th Century model. This model has an extra



SHOWED YOU A BETTER *Home*



MOTHER WATCHES children swim as she gets lunch. Westinghouse electronic oven, range, dishwasher (optional) are only a step away.



IN THIS EFFICIENT KITCHEN all Westinghouse deluxe appliances are within reach. Micarta walls, lunch bar and work counters, Tile-Tex floor, make clean-ups easy.



MAGIC "ONE-WAY" window lets Mother look in on sick child without leaving her bed! Panelled door over window for sound-proofing.



CHILDREN GO from pool through Weldwood panelled, Tile-Tex floored rumpus room. Living area stays dry.



COOK-OUT ENTERTAINING is easy, and weather-proof, with this barbecue in the carport-terrace. Wonderful for kids' parties and picnics, too! It adjoins TV-game room.



UNDER A SUN-LAMP, you relax on the "chaise lounge" that covers the basement entrance to the pool—and keep your tan all year! Even Dad will enjoy "sunning" himself here.

to choose from...

basic floor plan)

dining room, and costs slightly more than the others.

The double garages shown, and the over-size swimming pool, if desired, are extra, of course, and require large plots.

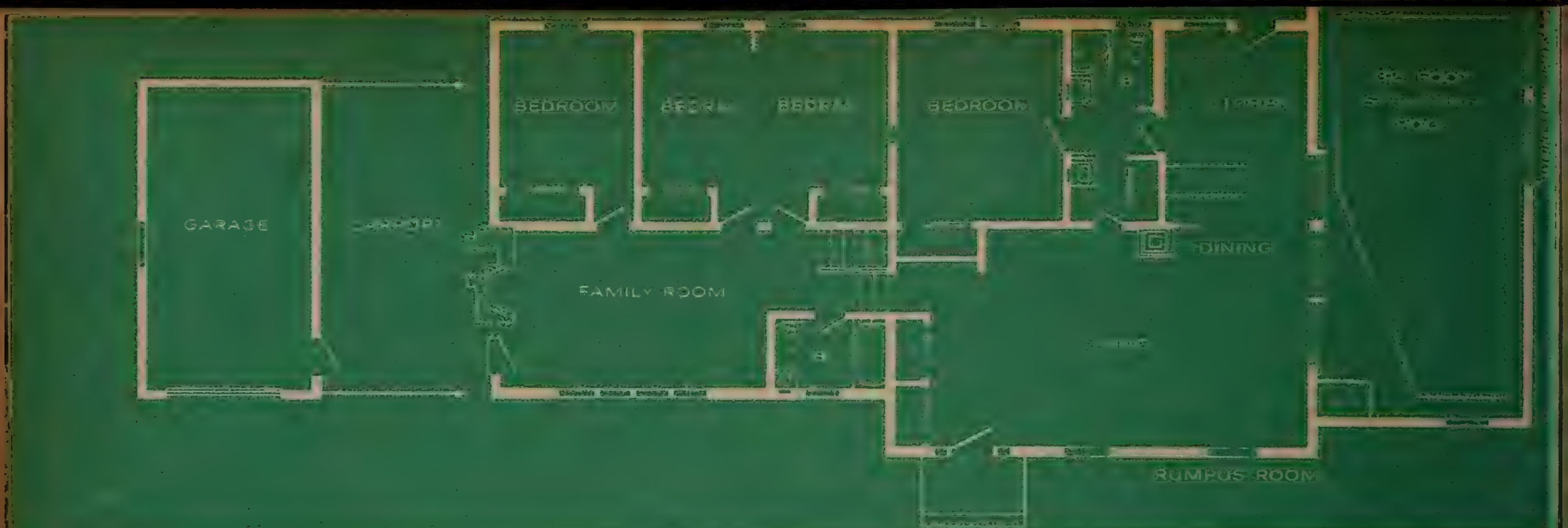
Complete plans and specifications for each model are available. Houses will fit on even 75x100 ft. lots.





CAPE COD COLONIAL—Gray shingles, mullioned windows, and shutters capture the enduring warmth of this popular style.... Yet it's modern as tomorrow—a real dream house.

20TH CENTURY—Here's beautiful, modern styling that will stay "new" for years. Note how living room and pool area blend brick, glass, and redwood into a magnificent exterior.



HOW YOUR FAMILY CAN OWN A *Story-Book Home*

See your local Savings and Loan Association:

Every one of these mortgage-lending associations knows about these wonderful Story-Book Homes. A number of them have already financed construction of models in various areas of the country, and will gladly discuss how you can arrange to buy one for your family.

John R. Gallaudet, of the United Savings and Loan Association of Trenton, N. J., says: "We should like to compliment you on the many new ways these homes will serve family living. We consider them a fine investment, with their excellent planning and convertibility."

If you have some cash savings, if you own a piece of land, or if you now own a house and would like to change to a Story-Book Home—go to your local Savings and Loan Association. They will explain how a mortgage can be arranged for you—whether you plan to buy a home, have it built, or finish it yourself.

Elsewhere in this magazine you will find a list giving the names of builders of the Story-Book Homes . . . and the address where you can visit their completed model houses. Of course, you can see one of the original models in Princeton Manor, at Princeton, N. J. If there are none close to you, the bank will know and recommend reputable builders who will construct your home according to the plans and specifications you select. Even if you are thinking of moving to Florida, you'll find a Story-Book model home on Sabal Island, post office Boynton Beach, Fla. (Builder: A. Paul Young)

You will also be able to get help from your savings bank if you want a builder to erect the "shell" and finish much of the interior yourself. Many builders now offer to do this.

"Owner-finished" cuts costs way down:

The plans and specifications tell "what" and "where" materials go. Then you do all the painting, lay your Tile-Tex floors with a do-it-yourself kit, and panel your walls with floor-to-ceiling sheets of prefinished Weldwood by U. S. Plywood. Clever "do-it-yourself" men can easily finish the home, swimming pool and all, for less than $19,000. Or they can finish the main house for only about $14,000, and add the pool, carport, and garage later. (*Note:* All house prices quoted are estimates, and vary by locality. Costs of land and kitchen appliances are extra.)

A Big Swimming Pool, Complete Kit only $795.

You can also build a swimming pool, out of doors, close to your house, and cover it later. Or, do this for your present home.

Story-Book Homes (a non-profit, cooperative organization to aid in home building) will procure for you a complete swimming pool kit for a big 16 x 32-ft. pool for only $795, plus freight charges. This includes *everything* for a complete pool (the same as one named after a famous TV star and champion swimmer). This includes the plastic pool, the filter, the knock-down forms that bolt together, all the fittings, pipe, vacuum lines, etc. Everything you need for a pool that would cost thousands of dollars! Write Story-Book Home Editor, State Rd., Princeton, N. J.

Story-Book Home Editor • Research Center, State Road • Princeton, N. J.

Please send me complete plans and specifications for the Story-Book Home models checked below. I am enclosing herewith $1.00 for *each* set of plans ordered.

( ) COTTAGE COLONIAL
( ) CONTEMPORARY
( ) REGENCY
( ) CAPE COD COLONIAL
( ) 20TH CENTURY
( ) Send information that tells how to get 32-ft. swimming pool kit for only $795, F.O.B., Trenton, N. J.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....ZONE.....STATE.....

( ) I now rent. ( ) I own a home. ( ) I own land.

Send for complete plans

Only $1.00!

For only $1.00 you can get a complete set of plans and specifications that give you, your bank, and your builder the full details necessary to finance and build your Story-Book Home. Simply fill out the coupon at left . . . enclose $1.00 for *each* set of plans you select . . . and mail to the Story-Book Home Editor, Princeton, N. J.

8 P. M., U. S. A.

(*Continued from page* 17)

in a can." Then it hit him. "Just think of the shows you can do with this stuff."

Even technical men, disinclined to wax eloquent, put video tape recording into the miracle class. The Ampex machine traces its development back to 1893; the first successful tape maker, Minnesota Mining and Manufacturing Company, terms it "the tape almost impossible to produce." No one can estimate how many man hours and how many nervous breakdowns it has taken to make this equipment available.

The Ampex Corporation describes its machine as "a piece of equipment about the size and shape of a kitchen stove . . . packed with 1,350 pounds of electronics connected with supporting equipment." A reel of tape spins through a recording head on the top. Cost: $45,000 for black-and-white, plus $29,000 for a color unit.

Its 1893 antecedent was the Telegraphon, a magnetic wire dictating machine invented by a Danish engineer, Valdemar Poulson. While Americans, beginning with Edison, advanced recording on plastics, the Europeans, particularly the Germans, concentrated on wire or magnetic oxide tape machines. When the Allies smashed through in 1945, they found a dandy. The Signal Corps team which "liberated" the Magnetophone included Col. Richard H. Ranger, Herbert Orr and John T. Mullin—men who continue important in the recorder field.

The frequency range of the Magnetophone could be extended to 15,000 cycles. Never had they heard sound reproduced so true. They put it to work on Armed Forces Network and also sent parts, tapes, instruction manuals, home. Their demonstrations to scientific groups put many a war-developed electronics plant into recorder manufacture.

Ampex Corporation, a firm which had manufactured precision motors for radar, retained Mullin as a consultant and built a wire recorder patterned after the Magnetophone.

Wire recording development far surpassed tape advances in 1946 when Minnesota Mining—whose ready-stick "Scotch" tape had, by then, sealed many a package—decided to find out how to improve recording tape. Dr. W. W. Wetzel, one of the world's most brilliant physicists, headed the research project. In 1947, they produced a superior plastic tape for sound recording.

In California, John T. Mullin was working with this tape the day a man from Bing Crosby Enterprises came in to say that Bing was having problems. Since 1944, he had balked at live broadcasts, but recording and editing discs was no fun. To skeletonize what happened next: Mr. C. went to tape and, in 1948, the networks did, too, using it first as a means to break the daylight-saving hassle.

Audio tape became radio's workhorse and, for the next ten years, video tape became the engineers' challenge and aim.

A much over-simplified explanation of what makes audio recording or broadcasting possible is that a spoken word causes variations in air pressure. Piped into a microphone, these variations can be converted into electrical impulses. Such impulses may be superimposed on radio waves which move with the speed of light. The home receiver converts them again to sound. When fed into a recorder, they can also mark a tape.

In television, the camera is a scanning device to turn variations in light into electrical impulses. These, too, can be broadcast. They also can be recorded.

But—

Dr. Wetzel, now general manager of the magnetic products division of Minnesota Mining, explains the difference in the recording problems: "You must be able to pack at least ten times as much information on tape in video recording as in sound recording. In sound recording, for example, you might record 2,000 bits of information on a single inch of tape track, whereas in video recording, you must record some 20,000."

Dr. Wetzel can now speak confidently of "packing 20,000 bits of information on an inch of tape." But, when experiments began, those infinitesimal bits, tagged end to end, seemed to take miles of tape. The tape zipped through the recording head as fast as an amateur rocket aimed at the moon. Friction generated so much heat it sometimes melted the tape. Instead of reproducing a picture, there was one big, tangled mess.

For both tape makers and electronics men, those were days of frustration when a practical recording system remained just beyond reach. It was 1951 before Bing Crosby Enterprises announced a working video tape recorder. They wouldn't say how much of Bing's money went into it. They did say it took two years of laboratory work and that they did not intend to manufacture it. They were interested only in research. Eventually, they sold out to Minnesota Mining.

Advances were made by RCA and others, but that practical, workhorse sort of machine remained elusive. It was April, 1956, before Ampex announced they had solved the problem. They mounted four recording heads on a cylinder which turns 14,400 revolutions a minute. Each head makes a magnetic impression ten one-thousandths of an inch wide. Using two-inch tape, they recorded across the width of it. Thus economizing on space, they could slow down speed to move tape at the rate of fifteen inches per second. This put sixty-four minutes of tape on a twelve-and-a-half-inch reel. The networks and independent stations placed four-and-a-half million dollars' worth of orders within five days.

Target date for operation was Daylight Saving Day, April 28, 1957. From there on, it was a tape-maker's race and a tough one. That hour-show reel had a recording area the size of a tennis court. Every particle of it must be perfect or the spinning recording heads, exerting a pressure of 20,000 pounds per square inch, would gouge out white spots to ruin a picture.

Striving to make such tape, Minnesota Mining built a new multi-million-dollar tape plant at Hutchinson, Minnesota. Ampex pooled resources with ORRadio Industries. It was Scotch-brand versus Irish-brand tape.

The Scotch won. Late in April, 1957, Minnesota Mining produced one hundred rolls of tape. Rejecting eighty, they released twenty to the networks. Only three of these proved of broadcast quality but, erased and re-used, they eased the daylight saving confusion, and gave promise of the full effectiveness which was realized in 1958.

With the technical men's primary job accomplished, it is the turn of administration and programming people to find out how best to use this new tool. Operational changes have occurred and are anticipated in many areas:

Programming: Producers like tape. By taping certain scenes, they can save the necessity of quick changes, go on to new scenes, inject new variety. They can also hold live-show excitement and quality while having the security of pre-recording. They can play back their scenes immediately and revise if necessary. With film, they had to wait until it was developed before they knew what they had. By then, sets were struck and players dispersed. Tape is a safeguard for the unpredictable "animal act," the protection against illness or accident. With a couple of pre-taped shows in reserve, the pressure on a star eases.

There is promise, too, of new ideas, new types of programs originating any place within reach of a tape machine. Successful local programs have greater chance for network exposure or syndication. Among the first to travel this route were *Stars Of Jazz, Don Mahoney Ranch Party,* and *Confession. Stars,* originating in Hollywood, was tape-tested on WBKB, Chicago, and other ABC stations and went full-network as a summer replacement for *The Voice Of Firestone. Ranch Party* brought its local color right from Texas and landed on WOR-TV, New York, and other stations. On *Confession,* from WFAA-TV, Dallas, a convicted criminal tells his story and a panel discusses what motivations led to his self-defeat. Other stations, too, plan to send out their best to new markets.

Independent packagers see in tape a chance to try something new. One of the first to tape a pilot was Video Varieties, working in Telestudios, New York, and presenting a half-hour program starring Peter Donald. Ted Mills and Ben Park, graduates of NBC, Spectacular Division, plan to use tape exclusively in their independent productions. Says Ted, "We can equip a truck and go anywhere in the world, and be sure of what we've got before we come home."

Commercials: Advertising men, appreciating the flexibility tape gives other producers, claim a particular one of their own: "If you discover you've got a bad series of 'spots,' you haven't thrown all that film money down the drain. You can erase and start over. Tape gives you more chance to test."

Economy: Minnesota Mining charges $306 a roll for video tape and claims it can be reused a hundred to two hundred times, thus bringing the tape recording cost down to $1.50 to $3.00 an hour. They cite a comparative cost figure of $88 per hour for film which can be used only once.

Some network officials aren't willing to go along with this drastic comparison, insisting a tape can be used only twenty to forty times. On this score, greater use, alone, will provide the answer.

What the economy executives do anticipate is a more orderly scheduling of their own facilities. They look forward to having fewer studios spread out across New York, and using those studios more hours. They anticipate shooting a week's episodes of a daytime serial at one session, thus saving much production time. They expect to cut down on overtime and weekend work. "Tape will let us plan better," said one executive.

Labor relations: A touchy subject at the moment. There's many a union hassle for jurisdiction, many a fight over job protection, in prospect before tape telecasting settles down.

News coverage: Already tape has brought convenience to interview shows. Spot news coverage will improve, but at present there's still the problem of getting a full crew out and the tape back in. TV reporters look forward to the day of the hand-held tape camera.

Summary: Tape will solve some problems, create others. But, in the long run, the viewer is bound to benefit through a greater variety of good quality shows.

the "WESTERN" that Isn't



He won the role of the Old Ranger on Death Valley Days—and then Stanley Andrews suddenly found himself living the part



Everything's honest about the oldest of the Westerns, says Andy, right down to sweat and the Death Valley locale.



Once he'd become the Old Ranger, Andy boned up on the West. Now, he's the expert for Valley youngsters.

WHEN Stanley Andrews first came West to California, he might never have left Broadway. He and his actress-wife Fran moved into an apartment, and the only thing they raised was their standard of living. After years of touring, Stanley was now regularly featured in the movies. But then, in 1952, after sixteen years in radio, *Death Valley Days* went video. Tall and rugged, with a booming voice and robust health, "Andy" won the role of the Old Ranger. And, quicker than it takes to make a pilot film, he found himself really living the part.

Andy bought Derbyridge, a ranch in the San Fernando Valley where he raised cows, pigs, English bulldogs and rutabagas—"everything," he grins, "but salt and pepper." He began boning up on Western lore and became an authority and a friend to the youngsters in the neighborhood. Even to such "Eastern" notions as dieting, he brought a Western flair—simply omitting the potatoes from his morning steak! At the moment, Stanley may lose some of his land to a new housing subdivision. "Maybe we'll buy a new, larger place further out," he says, "and we can have our animals back again. I'm sixty-six and we've been married forty-three years. We're supposed to be looking for a rocking chair and a comfortable pair of slippers about now, but frankly the idea never appealed to Fran or me. We love to be active. If you stop living," he points out, "that's when you begin growing old. We've still a world of things we want to do and a world of places we want to see. We have our health and we have a full life."

Chicago-bred, Andy had been a loyal listener to *Death Valley Days* when it was on radio. He's always admired the great detail and honesty that its author, Ruth Woodman, brings to the show. Though Mrs. Woodman lives in Rye, New York, she's been researching and writing these stories for twenty-five years, with regular trips to the West to talk to the old pioneers and their descendants. Though it's the oldest of the "Westerns," Andy doesn't consider that the show really fits in the "Western" category.

"We don't have 'bad men' shooting at 'good men,'" he explains. "Our stories are about people and their problems and they are all true. These people came out here to settle down . . . to open a small store . . . to farm . . . to find a new life. Not one in a thousand was a 'gunslinger.' True, there were a great many hardships in the pioneer days," Andy continues, "and a great many exciting adventures. 'Who can draw the fastest' and 'Don't call me a liar' are expressions that may have been used, but not as frequently as television would have us believe. Why, I saw more men killed on TV last week alone than probably were killed in all of California during the pioneer days. If the pictures we see of the West had been true, there wouldn't have been anybody left alive to build the West." The Old Ranger is the sturdy pioneer who introduces and narrates the stories. As Stanley Andrews plays him, he's a man who really might have been—just as *Death Valley Days* is a "Western" that isn't.



Andy says "no" to rocker retirement. Here, with a pair of dance-hall hostesses, he shows he means it.



Fran and Andy trouped the East together. Ranchers now, they raise "everything but salt and pepper."

MIDWEST COWBOY

He's from Missouri, via Japan, but now Buck Barry ropes 'n' rides for WOOD-TV



Buck was surprised by gift horse on Bill Leyden's show. Not so, WOOD-TV's Don Melvoin (right), who arranged it.



Happily married since 1941, Buck and Violet met while working a road show. Their children are: Linda, 5; Ronald, 10.



In showman tradition, Buck admires late "Buffalo Bill" Cody, once patterned a show after his.

WHAT YOU CAN'T SAY, sing! Buck Barry did, and in two languages. No longer the "silent partner" in rodeos and barn-dance shows, Buck currently ropes 'n' rides, sings *and* says on five radio and TV programs at WOOD in Grand Rapids. Weekdays at 5:30 A. M., Buck's heard on *RFD 1300*. At 6:15, he spins out music and yarns for *The Buck Barry Show*. Saturdays are reserved for young bucks and lasses. Come 9:45 ayem, they gather—some five dozen of them—to learn square-dancing and calf-roping on *Buckaroo Rodeo*. Tuesdays and Thursdays at 4:45 P.M., *Popeye Theater* is open to viewer suggestions. Buck goes along with 'most anything. But when it comes to galloping his Palomino alongside a high-horsepower sports car, Buck henceforth declines. The one time he tried, horse and horsepower finished in a dead heat. "On a suggested second time through," adds Buck, "the car's accelerator jammed and scared my horse. He fell, and I jumped off and broke my arm." Less lively but lots of fun is *Rowena Roundup*, Thursday at 6:30, when Buck runs an informal pet-adoption service. . . .
Born in St. Joseph, Missouri, this "Midwestern cowboy" always loved animals. Growing up next door to a stable, he was riding at six, performing at twelve, and, a year later, traveling with a circus. After high school in Chicago, Buck worked dude ranches in the West. But, in relation to a performing career, he had a major handicap—stuttering. The Army unwittingly provided the cure. It was Buck's habit to entertain his buddies with a few rope tricks, now and then. Gradually, he added some songs to the act—first, the old familiar Western tunes, then the Japanese songs taught him by children on Okinawa. Soon, he was singing on Armed Forces Radio, and speaking, too, with a great, even flow of words. . . .
Back in Chicago, Buck did Western shows on the air and on the road, and, in '53, joined WOOD on the strength of a verse of "Happy Cowboy" and one Japanese song. Buck feels his work is the greatest. "In fact," says he, "if my employers knew how much I enjoy it, they could get me a lot cheaper."

WHAT'S NEW—WEST

(Continued from page 7)



Being a mom keeps Shirley Temple happy and busy—even on "vacation."

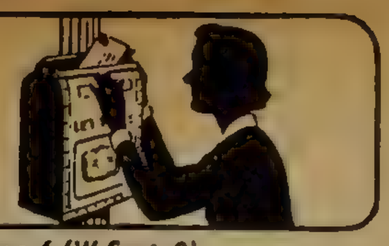
Rodgers fishes for trout, he uses worms? He and his wife, Colleen, are spending their vacation by an Oregon lake near their home. . . . **George Gobel** uses a golf cart to drive from the auto gate to his house, because the grounds on his new estate are so expansive. George laughs, "If times get tough, I can always build motels on the place." . . . **George Fenneman,** popular emcee of ABC-TV's *Anybody Can Play*, was born in Peking, China. . . . **Alfred Hitchcock** intends to double his own directorial chores on the upcoming CBS-TV fall series.

End of an Era: The last day of shooting on the **Burns and Allen** set had drawn to a close. The cast and crew, many of whom had been with **George** and **Gracie** for the six years on film and two years "live," were gathered around a buffet stacked high with party goodies. There was a lot of happy chatter and noise, though every once in a while you might have sensed a false gay note. The party members stood in groups, hands in pockets, waiting. Gracie and the goodbye roses arrived on the set at the same time. As always, Gracie played her last exit with a light touch. As she made her way through the crowd to the stage door, she pulled the roses out one at a time, handing them over to some of the girls who had been closest to her—hairdresser, wardrobe mistress, publicity gal, and so on. When she reached the exit, there wasn't a dry eye in the house. But Gracie merely waved goodbye to all, just as if it were the end of another season and not the end of an era. That's the heart of Hollywood for you.

October TV Radio Mirror on sale September 4



OPPORTUNITIES FOR EVERYBODY



Publisher's Classified Department (Trademark)

For advertising rates, write to William R. Stewart, 9 South Clinton Street, Chicago 6 (W-Sept. 8)

AGENTS & HELP WANTED

I'LL SEND YOU free stocking sample newest advancement in hosiery since discovery of nylon. Full-length; stays up without supporters; amazingly comfortable. Patented. Make money fast introducing to friends at 70c a pair less than Nationally Advertised price. American Mills, Dept. 655, Indianapolis, Ind.

SHOW THRILLING $1 Values in newest Christmas Card Assortments, Stationery, Gifts. Keep up to 50c of every dollar. Big line; complete price range. No experience needed. Get Assortments on approval; Personal Portfolios Free; $1 Gift Offer. Cardinal, 1400 State, Dept. 124-S, Cincinnati 14.

ANYONE CAN SELL famous Hoover Uniforms for beauty shops, waitresses, nurses, doctors, others. All popular miracle fabrics—nylon,dacron. Exclusive styles, top quality. Big cash income now, real future. Equipment free. Hoover, Dept. L-119, New York 11, N.Y.

FASHION DEMONSTRATORS—$20-$40 profit evenings. No delivering or collecting. Beeline Style Shows are Party Plan sensational! Samples furnished Free. Beeline Fashions, Bensenville 12, Illinois.

BEAUTY DEMONSTRATORS—TO $5.00 hour demonstrating Famous Hollywood Cosmetics, your neighborhood. For free samples, details, write Studio Girl, Dept. 1689C, Glendale, California.

EARN EXTRA MONEY selling Advertising Book Matches. Free sample kit furnished. Matchcorp, Dept. WP-53, Chicago 32, Illinois.

PIECE-LIKE STAY at-homework! No doorbell ringing! Securall, Box 1450, Pasadena, Calif.

BUSINESS & MONEY MAKING OPPORTUNITIES

PREPARE ENVELOPES, HOME—longhand, typewriter. $15.00 thousand! Particulars free. D. Cove, Box 2580, Greensboro, N.C.

$3.00 HOURLY POSSIBLE assembling pump lamps Spare Time. Simple, Easy. No canvassing. Write: Ougor, Caldwell 1, Arkansas.

EARN SPARETIME CASH preparing-mailing advertising. Temple Co., Muncie 2, Indiana.

MAKE MONEY WRITING short paragraphs. Information free. Barrett, Dept. C-134-V, 7464 No. Clark, Chicago 26.

EARN EXTRA CASH! Prepare Advertising Postcards. Langdons, Box 41107PW, Los Angeles 41, California.

EXTRA MONEY PREPARING, Mailing Literature. Tom, 1305A N. Western, Chicago 22.

MAKE BIG MONEY invisibly mending damaged garments at home. Details Free. Fabricon, 6240 Broadway, Chicago 40.

EDUCATIONAL OPPORTUNITIES

COMPLETE YOUR HIGH School at home in spare time with 61-year-old school. Texts furnished. No classes. Diploma. Information booklet free. American School, Dept. X674, Drexel at 58th, Chicago 37, Illinois.

FINISH HIGH SCHOOL at home, spare time. No classes. Diploma awarded. Write for Free catalog. Wayne School, Catalog HCH-56, 2527 Sheffield, Chicago 14.

HIGH SCHOOL DIPLOMA at home. Licensed teachers. Approved materials. Southern States Academy, Station E-1, Atlanta, Georgia.

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Bud Collyer—For Real

(*Continued from page* 21)

expertly that Bud and everyone else on it is subject to definite time limitations.

As a long-time emcee of game and quiz shows on both radio and television, Bud has a knack for taking even the most nervous contestants and putting them at ease. He started out by liking people, and discovered that he got to like them more and more as he worked informally with them. On *Beat The Clock*, which he has emceed for eight and a half years, he has never met any contestant, win or lose, who was a bad sport. In general, he believes, women are more interested in the fun of playing a game, men put more emphasis on the winning. On a show where couples work together to win, this makes for good husband-and-wife cooperation.

When they bring on their children, Bud is in fine fettle. As the father of three, and long-time superintendent and teacher of a Sunday school in his home community, he's a man who gets along wonderfully with youngsters of all ages. He asks the parents not to worry about what the child will do or say, but to let him take over for the time being.

"When a parent tells a child exactly what to do," he says, "I notice that the child begins to be self-conscious and to retreat. Left to himself, he is apt to remain natural in spite of microphones and cameras and an audience out front. Parents have a tendency to worry that Aunt Susie or Grandfather, back in the home town, may be watching and criticizing. But, when a youngster is having a good time, he is usually making a good impression.

"We had a little girl on *Beat The Clock* one day who went simply wild about the colored balloons used in a stunt her parents had to do. She got hold of one and followed it back and forth across the stage in what looked like the most charming and graceful dance. If her mother had said anything to her, she would have remembered where she was. We all let her alone and it was a high point of the show."

Away from the studio, Bud leads the life of the average family man, householder and community member. The Collyer house in Connecticut is the same one in which the kids have grown up. French Norman in architecture, with a round tower, set in spacious lawns on the top of a hill.

Besides the family, it houses two French poodles named Jennie and Mark, two parakeets named Caesar and Pompey, a cat which Mike found as a stray and Pat promptly christened Orbus for "orphan" (she was studying Latin), and a canary named Penelope. One morning, Bud found a mongrel dog in a bed of leaves on the lawn. He hadn't the slightest intention of adopting it—but, when the dog decided to stay and no claimant appeared, the Collyers found themselves adopted. "When a dog licks your hand and looks up at you," says Bud, "you just have yourself a new dog."

This fall, Pat will be entering her junior year at college, and for the first time Cynthia, too, will be away, beginning her freshman year. Only Mike, a senior at high school, will be at home.

Marian Collyer has told herself that next year, when Mike goes to college, she will get back to being an actress. "This is my last year of stay-at-home motherhood and community service," she has warned. "It has been wonderful. Nothing could be more satisfying and rewarding than to have the children and the home need me and to serve the community. But now I can do other things with a free mind."

Marian is president of the parent-teacher group at Mike's school. They put on an annual fashion show, and this year she worked out the idea of a "Now and Then" theme, contrasting new fashions with the old. Two hundred women worked on the project, which took about four months to get ready and raised $7,500 toward the school's scholarship fund. They scoured attics for old costumes and props, and a smart New York City shop provided the up-to-the-minute styles.

When Marian Shockley Collyer gave up an acting career to become strictly a home-maker, she was well known as a feminine lead in such important radio shows as *The Road Of Life* and *Ellery Queen*. Last fall, she had a brief fling in television, playing one of the mothers in the *Studio One* TV drama, "The Night America Trembled." Every so often, she has gone back to do a radio or television stint, but her heart has been with her family.

Bud would like to see his wife return to acting if the right thing came along: "I believe that anyone who has talent and holds back from using it is never entirely satisfied. Marian had such a strong sense of responsibility to all of us that she put it before everything else. But now the children are busy with school work and their own affairs. The household runs on a routine basis and we have good help. Besides, she's such a heck of a good actress! I'm not saying this because she's my wife and I love her, but because there are plenty of people in the business to bear me out."

The Collyer household is not all work and serious projects. "We all make horrible puns," Marian says. "In fact, our dinner table is real corny when the whole family gets around it, but we like it that way. Mike clowns most of the time and, when Cynthie is in the mood, she can be hysterically funny. It may well be that Cynthie will be our genius, because she's the one who is either 'way up on the ceiling or 'way down in the cellar. Isn't that exactly the way geniuses are supposed to be?"

Pat, majoring in music, is a fine pianist. This summer, she has been taking some additional courses. Cynthia is an artist who works in watercolors and oils, sketches in black and white, and now has discovered a new medium in mosaics.

Bud is happy that the girls, as well as Mike, are developing their talents. "Pat and Cynthie are not particularly career-minded," he says. "They look forward to marriage and happy family life, but their training will always round out other interests. Right now, Pat is a long-hair musician, but I keep prodding her to do some popular stuff just for the fun of it. I started to play the piano a couple of years ago. (I learned guitar and banjo back in my high school days.) I don't have as much time to practice as I would like. But I'm sure not going to give it up, even though my forte is strictly pop."

Mike has a flair for music, learned banjo and guitar from Bud, but his big ambition now is to study law—following in the footsteps of his father, who was graduated from Fordham University Law School and spent two years in a law office before he gave it up for show business.

"Mike isn't interested in law merely because of my interest," Bud observes, "although law is traditional in our family. My father was a lawyer, too." (Show business is also traditional in Bud's family. His sister is actress June Collyer, wife of actor Stu Erwin. His mother was an actress and his grandfather was Dan Collyer, a well-known actor of his time.)

Mike has become steeped in the study of government and foreign policy, probably because he is on his school's debating team, and thinks he might later like to go into government or diplomacy. A few years ago, his big interest was aerodynamics, and he has a good head for mathematics. "For a sixteen-year-old, Mike is very mature about money," his dad says. "If we buy him something he thinks should come out of his allowance, he insists on reimbursing us. He has a very strict sense of what is right. In fact, all the children have."

"I'm sure they get it from Bud," says Marian. "I say this all the time, but I've never said it publicly before. Goodness may seem a little dull when you talk about it, but I assure you it is not at all dull when you live with it. My handsome husband is just as good on the inside as he looks on the outside. I've never known anyone more fair-minded, more tolerant or more patient. To tell the truth, my husband has that wonderful quality of self-discipline which has rubbed off on the children. I don't know any greater thing he could have given them."

In the house next door . . .

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National Broadcasting Company

Read Nancy Sinatra's courageous stand—"It Takes Two To Make A Divorce"—in September TRUE STORY Magazine now at newsstands.

Big Payoff for the Bob Paiges

(*Continued from page* 48)

show business—"When I was in my teens, I began singing on radio at a dollar a day." His handsome features got him into the movies as a leading man but have been a mixed blessing—"Every once in a while, I meet a guy who resents my face and wants to alter it."

Bob is a reluctant expatriate from California. For the past year, while hosting *The Big Payoff* and appearing in the Doris Day movie, "Miss Casey Jones," he's been subletting Nanette Fabray's Manhattan apartment. "I've never met her, although she's obviously a remarkable gal and a most unusual landlady. When we moved in, the apartment was comfortably and tastefully furnished, replete with linens, television, magazines and a full refrigerator."

The Paiges have been married eighteen years. "Betty and I met when I was under contract to Paramount," Bob recalls. "She was a secretary to one of the directors, Eddie Dmytryk. I thought she was more attractive than the actresses I was working with. We started dating and married ten months later."

Betty is a lovely five-six blonde. She is bright, animated and proud of their marriage: "We've never thrown a vase or a harsh word at each other. When we're at cross-purposes, we'll have a discussion and, at the worst, a mild argument. If we reach an impasse, we turn silent. Bob is slightly stubborn—so, usually, within a short time, I make up first. I can remember only one time that our silence lasted overnight."

She grins as she recalls the incident. "When we came East, I was wearing my hair in a chignon or page-boy style. Bob always insisted that I wear my hair long, but the humidity in New York made it limp and stringy. So I had a wee bit cut off—and he hit the ceiling. I tried to show him that my hair still touched my shoulders and that I could still wear the chignon, but he wouldn't be convinced.

"That was one time I decided that I would not be the first to say, 'I'm sorry,' and it went to the next morning—when he apologized and admitted he was wrong. A couple of months later," Betty adds, "he agreed that I might cut it short. I went down to Helena Rubinstein's and told the man, 'I've got my husband's permission—Just whack away,' and I shut my eyes. When I got home, I hid behind the kitchen door for ten minutes. Finally, I came out—and he loved it."

Bob smiles. "I admit to being a little stubborn, but I don't boil over, except when I'm confronted with injustice. This happens so seldom in my work. I love show business. As an actor, I believe in thorough preparation and full cooperation with the director. I have always been happy in my work, and think I'm particularly lucky to be in television. But what makes my blood boil is injustice. The only run-in I've ever had on a set was with a director who insulted actors—not only was he rude, but he used a public-address system to do his screaming."

He recalls that, when he was in high school, he worked as an usher in a Los Angeles theater. When they needed a new doorman, they looked for someone who could fit the tuxedo—and it was Bob. "When I went on duty, I had to cart the ticket-box to the doorway. It had a cheaply-made cement base and, one evening, when I set it down, the base cracked. Well, the manager said I had to get up fifteen dollars for repairs. I thought it ridiculous, since I was making only twelve dollars a week.

"He said, 'You'll pay.' I said. 'I won't.' He said, 'If you don't, you'll turn in the tuxedo and get out.' Well, I'd been holding my breath for three weeks in that suit, because it was so tight across the chest. The more he insisted I pay, the more stubborn I got. So I said, 'You can have your tuxedo.' I flexed my shoulders, split the coat right down the back—and handed the coat to him in two pieces."

Bob always held after-school jobs. "My parents didn't make me work. It was just the thing to do. Actually, my home was the greatest. Mom is easygoing and soft-spoken, deeply devoted to my father. Dad, who has always been in the automobile businss, is a generous, good-humored man who likes fun. Our home was always open to friends. It was my parents' attitude that kept my brother and myself off the streets. To give you an idea, when we were older, Dad pointed out that there was beer and liquor in the home, if we wanted it, and no necessity to experiment with a bottle of bad wine in some dirty bistro hidden behind a soda fountain."

Bob enrolled at Los Angeles Junior College but never got there. Instead, he accepted a job singing daily at Station KGER in Long Beach. "Success came too easily to me. In a way, it made me lazy. Now I have a vocal coach and I'm working harder on my voice than at any other time. But, when I was a kid, everyone liked my voice. There wasn't any reason to take lessons. I knew that I wanted to sing and act. I felt that I could learn much more in actual work with professionals. It was so exciting I never missed college."

For a few years, he worked in radio and stock. The turning point came when Warner Bros. took him under contract. "And that hundred-and-fifty a week looked like a million. Just prior to that, I'd been 'at liberty' and I'd become a stocks-and-bonds salesman, but I wasn't selling either stocks or bonds."

In the '40s, at Warner Bros. and Paramount, Bob racked up more than thirty motion pictures, in such company as Abbott and Costello, Ann Sheridan, Rita Hayworth, Donald O'Connor and others. He co-starred with Deanna Durbin in Jerome Kern's "Can't Help Singing." When war came along, his career was interrupted for twenty minutes.

"That's kind of an amusing story," he relates. "I went down to the Army recruiting station for induction. Well, I have a 'football knee'—that I got boxing—but that's another story. Anyway, the medic didn't pass me, but I didn't know that. The sergeant came along and said, 'You go down to the room at the end of the hall.' I did. and I raised my right hand with the other men and I was sworn into the United States Army.

"Then the sergeant came in and said, 'What are you doing here?' I told him what I had done. He said, 'Get out.' I said, 'You'll have to give me a discharge.' He said, 'Pretend like you've never been here.' I said, 'No, I want a discharge.' He said, 'Get out or I'll wrap a broom around your neck.' Finally, I got out. Maybe I shouldn't even tell this story—the Army may decide I've been AWOL for fifteen years!"

During the 1951 metamorphosis in Hollywood, Bob made the transition to television, acting in *Fireside Theater, Cavalcade Of America, Four Star Playhouse* and other anthology series. "This is another way your face affects your career. I like dialects and character parts. In radio, no one saw my face, so I played English butlers, Irish bricklayers, French gigolos, Scotsmen, Japanese. But, in television, I always had to be the bright, young leading man who came dashing in on a white horse with a blunt spear." He recalls the greatest change, career-wise, was in 1953, when he became emcee on ABC's *Paging The Judge*. "That was a challenge. My first experience at keeping things moving along without a script."

In 1956, Bob won the coveted Emmy Award as the outstanding male personality on the West Coast. He was then heading up *Hollywood Best,* an NBC-TV regional show frequently seen on the national network. He makes no bones about being proud of his Emmy—and his Hole-in-One Cup. "Golf is my favorite sport, and the hole-in-one was a big thrill. I remember that day. The ball dropped on the green and rolled right up to the cup, leaned against the pin—and stopped. I said, 'Jeepers, almost a hole-in-one.' But just as we reached the green, a breeze caught the flag, moved the pin over—and the ball dropped in."

Bob and Betty came East last summer. "It killed me to leave. We have a red and white farmhouse on a hill in Sherman Oaks. From any window, you get a twenty-mile view. The house is furnished in Early American—I made a few pieces of furniture myself just to prove I could do it. then quit. Well, I miss the house and sports cars. I'm a 'car-nut.'

"And we had to leave Pudge behind. He couldn't have adjusted to the city. He's half-terrier and half-crazy. He thinks he's a rattlesnake-killer, but last year a snake got to him first and he nearly lost his life." Bob notes, "I got Pudge out of a dog pound for a dollar and a half. When I was a boy, we always had a part-terrier in the house."

Bob tells you he felt a little strange at first, about the fashion talk on *The Big Payoff*. "I'm a typical male. If a woman looked nice, I knew it but didn't pay much attention to the style of her clothing. To me, a chemise was something a woman wore under a dress and a trapeze belonged in a circus. But, with the help of Bess Myerson, I've learned about female fashions. Of course, I could have learned at home, for Betty has always dressed well.

"Betty has poise and bearing," he adds. "She could easily be a model. She likes stylish clothes, although she's not a slave to fashion. And she's smart about getting my approval of a new dress. She never pulls it out of the box and just holds it up for me to see. The first time I see a new gown, she has her hair done and make-up on, and she's wearing it."

The Paiges have no children. Bob says, "We're not sensitive about it. As every young couple hopes for children, so did we. But when we found we weren't going to have them, we adjusted ourselves readily." They don't lack for friends, since both are well-liked. Betty has a reputation for being on the spot when a friend needs help. Bob is greeted with open arms at a party for his amiability and his reputation as a skilled story-teller. But, essentially, he is a man who likes regular hours and evenings at home.

He likes peace—but not at the expense of his dignity. "It isn't that Bob has a temper," Betty points out. "He's never raised his voice in eighteen years of marriage, and that's a record. But, occasionally, if someone pushes him too far, he gets angry. He contains himself so well that no one knows what's happening, except me. I watch his nose—and, when the tip gets white, I lead him away."

Bob grins. "That's something no man should be without—a wife who can read his nose." For the Paiges, it's just a "plus" in a marriage which has been their own Big Payoff for eighteen years.

Modern Music Man Comes to Town

(*Continued from page* 42)
had shaken hands with John Davies, director of instrumental music, Bill stripped off his coat and set up the wood winds in a semi-circular stand.

A bit breathless when he finished, he drew his first laugh from the kids when he picked up his clarinet and said, "Here goes. I don't know what will come out. There's nothing like beginning a rehearsal all relaxed. You know what the books say . . . everyone should warm up for half an hour before attempting to play."

He got his second a few minutes later, when someone hit a clinker and everyone stopped to correct it. Bill waved them on. "We're getting ready for a show. If you make a mistake, play it out. Make it a good one. It might even be interesting."

Between numbers and later at the clinic, the kids wedged in questions and so did Bill. Elkhart found out about Bill Page, and Bill, with equal gusto, found out about Elkhart and its place in the music world.

A frequent question to Bill was, "How did you learn to play so many instruments?"

Bill answered, "When you blow into a mouthpiece, it's the same column of air which supports the tone, whether the instrument is a flute or a saxophone. Once you realize that, you only need to learn the mechanics of each one. And keep on learning."

Bill has done this since childhood. He was born in Chicago, September 11, 1925, second of the three children of Elmer and Lillian Bornhoeft. (He took the name "Page" when he took his first screen test.) His father is an assistant postmaster general, attached to the railway mail service.

Bill, growing up on Chicago's northwest side, made his professional debut at the age of six at the Chicago World's Fair. "I had the biggest bass drum in the outfit. All you could see of me was two little feet sticking out the bottom, and once in a while a hand flipping a drum stick over the edge."

His first achievement was not in music but in art. He won a scholarship to the Art Institute of Chicago. ("The training is still useful. When, in our new house, we needed a big picture over the fireplace, I stretched a canvas to measure and painted a seascape myself.")

His Saturday-morning art classes served his interest in music. "I'd finish my lesson, then run lickety-split over to the Chicago Theater and hang around the stage door to watch the big bands come out."

The clarinet was his first instrument and he finally got through the Chicago's stage door when his parents engaged Santy Runyon, one of the theater's staff musicians, to teach him saxophone. "That was a big thrill. I'd take my lesson in the band room between stage shows."

Bill won contests and prizes. The band he organized while in high school played its first major commercial engagement aboard the Lake Michigan excursion steamer, *City Of Grand Rapids.* "We signed on as merchant seamen. I signed off one night when it was too stormy to sail. I got up my nerve, sloshed down Wacker Drive and over to the William Morris Agency. They booked me with Boyd Rayburn. That's when my folks got me a *good* sax."

Bill was drafted while he was playing with Del Courtney in St. Louis. "I thought I had it made when they put me in the 90-piece Second Air Force Band. Then the Army threw us all into the Infantry as replacement troops. I got to Germany just in time to make the Rhine crossing with the Fourth Armored Division."

He again turned musician after V-E Day, and organized a unit which backed Mickey Rooney in a one-nighter tour of the camps. Later, Bill had his own program over the Armed Forces Network and played at a club at night. There, working with a show made up of displaced persons, he met a pretty girl named Musa Tscherwonaja, a Russian captured by the Nazis at Odessa, who had been shipped to Germany to work in a factory.

Bill says, "During that brief period when the Russians and Americans were getting along, everyone thought it was great that Musa and I fell in love. But, after I went home, it took a United States Senator and a top-ranking general to secure permission for her to come to the United States."

While waiting for her, Bill attended Colorado College. He was back in Chicago, working with the Teddy Phillips band at the Aragon, when she arrived. "We were married right there at the ballroom. Musa was the first Russian war bride to escape the Communist clutches and get through our own red tape."

Their son, William Scott, was born July 12, 1951. They now live in Hollywood.

As an actor, versatile Bill has appeared in both motion pictures and TV plays, but it was television viewing rather than performing which led to his joining the Welk band. "I was watching the show when I spotted a friend of mine, Garth Andrews, and decided to go down to Ocean Park, where they were playing to say hello."

On meeting Bill, Lawrence Welk asked him if he would care to sit in. Bill says, "I had me a ball. I made the rounds, borrowing instruments, until I had played virtually every wood wind in sight." When he finished, Welk congratulated him. "That was quite an act and quite an audition, too. How would you like to join us?"

Viewers have enjoyed Bill's virtuosity, but it was a high-school band in Fresno, California, which turned Bill into a music clinician. "They took a poll to name the performer they would most like to have play with their band. The first I heard of it was when they invited me to join them in a concert. Was I surprised!" Bill made it a show. Executives at C. G. Conn, Ltd., heard about it and decided Bill fitted right into plans which have been three-quarters of a century in building.

Bill learned the story when he came to Elkhart and met the descendants of those first far-ranging music men. Elkhart has many of them. In this city of 38,000, there are some fifteen musical-instrument factories. Music is a major industry.

It all started, people told him, when Charles Gerard Conn returned from the Civil War. Captured by the Rebs when he was seventeen, he was released because of his youth, re-enlisted and became a captain.

After such adventures, the family grocery and baking business seemed dull. Charlie Conn got his kicks out of playing cornet with the town band. He could rip out a spirited chorus of "Bring the Good Old Bugle, Boys" and he could also defend his opinions. An official biography states that his first invention was a rubber washer placed in the mouthpiece of his cornet to protect an injured lip.

Bill asked the logical question, "How did he injure the lip?" With typical Hoosier candor, he was told: "How do you suppose? He got it in a fight. He was always fighting about something."

In later days, those fights transferred from street corners to politics and business competition, but they always remained colorful. He became a colonel in the Indiana National Guard, was twice mayor of Elkhart, served as a state senator and U.S. congressman, and—to advertise his musical instruments—founded *The Musical Truth,* which is now *The Elkhart Truth,* the city's daily newspaper.

Colonel Conn became a musical instrument manufacturer when he made some more of those mouthpiece pads and sold them to his friends. In 1875, in a factory only twenty feet square, he made the first Conn cornet. In 1888, he brought from France fifteen instrument makers. In 1889, they turned out the first American saxophone. In 1898, his plant built the first sousaphone for his friend, John Philip Sousa, the famed band leader. By the turn of the century, his salesmen, traveling by rattling railroad and buckboard, were ranging out across an America newly conscious of "culture." Many of them, like Meredith Willson's Professor Harold Hill, couldn't play a note or read a note, but they could talk up a storm—and out of that storm came silver-cornet bands, town bands, school bands.

Adventurous Colonel Conn lived to the age of eighty-six and died in Elkhart in 1931. But, by 1915, he was sort of running out of steam. He sold his factory, his newspaper and his Elkhart real estate to Charles Dimond Greenleaf for a half-million dollars.

Scholarly C. D. Greenleaf had played alto horn in his school band, but at the University of Chicago he had majored in geology and had hoped to make it his profession. The illness of his father brought him home in 1898 to operate the family flour mills at Wauseon, Ohio, and Ligonier, Indiana. When he felt they had reached their highest level of development, he looked around for further interests. When he bought Conn, in 1915, he intended it only as an investment, but things didn't work out that way. Times were changing and the company had to change with them.

Reminiscing, he told Bill Page about the "payola." In speaking of it, he maintained a dignity of phrase which befits a gentleman of eighty-two, but his alert mind left no doubt of what he thought of it. "Mr Conn's chief advertising—and ours also—for some time had been through the publication of what was called *Conn's Musical Truth.* This was a sort of testimonial book giving the pictures of musicians who were using the Conn instruments and recommending them. In many cases, they were paid for doing so. I early concluded this was not a sound basis on which to build a business."

Drily, he admitted that some musicians of that day protested loudly and predicted dire consequences when their subsidies were cut off. Unperturbed, Mr. Greenleaf followed the lead of the nearby automobile manufacturers. "We concentrated on improving the quality of the instruments, making them cheaper by modern tooling and advertising them legitimately for what they were worth."

He realized, too, that the desire to learn music was growing and that few schools met the demand. Such teachers as there were had been trained in piano, voice and violin. Band work was strange to most of them. Conn established in Chicago a school to train band leaders. School bands got another assist when two teachers, Joseph E. Maddy and T. P. Giddings, asked Mr. Greenleaf to publish their text books, outlining a method for young bands to use.

School bands increased. They got their first chance for a big show in 1923, when music-instrument manufacturers sponsored a national contest in Chicago. Later, band contests were supervised by the Bureau for the Advancement of Music. When they needed a permanent site, the

National Music Camp at Interlochen, Michigan, was organized. To finance it, the Conn Company advanced $5,000; other manufacturers loaned $1,000.

The long-time influence of such work by music educators, instrument makers and friends of music is reflected by figures supplied by the American Music Conference. They estimate that, in 1936, people in the United States owned 17,100,000 musical instruments. By 1957, the figure had increased seventy percent to 29,200,000.

But now again, times are changing. Bill heard about this during a luncheon meeting with Conn's Bud Doty and the school bandmaster, John Davies. Once, the function of music was pure enjoyment. Now, Conn's music clinic plan, said Bud, was designed not only to further musical education but to supplement the national drive to increase the study of science. As Bud explained it, "When the crash program in science started, some people regarded school music as a frivolity—one of the first things which had to go. We think, on the contrary, that it should be expanded."

When, in planning the program, Conn men took Bill Page to Elkhart's new North Side gym, that basketball palace which covers most of a city block and seats 8,000 at a game, Bill gasped. "Do we have to hold the concert here? We'll never be able to fill it."

The Conn men looked superior. "You'll see. Not fill it to the rafters, perhaps, but you'll have an audience." Bill did. The house count was 4,150.

Long before show time, school buses began arriving and families came by private car. In one section of the bleachers, L. W. Echols, Conn's export manager, was baby sitter for about a hundred tots from St. Thomas Catholic school. "My rhythm band," he explained proudly. "It's my hobby. I guess I have started about 6,000 kids in music during my lifetime." On the floor of the gym, there were more small children with their parents, and adults without children to bring them. In the upper tiers, far enough away to make hand-holding convenient, the teenagers took over. The town had turned out.

Bill made a track star's entrance—running. Those distances were too great for an ordinary stage saunter. As he leaped to the platform, in came the drum majorettes, carrying his instruments, the littlest girl taking a page out of Bill's own bass-drum-beating past by lugging the biggest saxophone.

They opened with that traditional march, "The Showman." They did an overture, some concert numbers and some pops. Then the dance band swung out with George Shearing's "Lullaby of Birdland."

It didn't matter that there were stage waits, a few wrong notes, or that Bill Page once grabbed the wrong instrument and some alert kid—remembering Bill's own coaching, "Play it out"—filled in for him. The audience of 4,000 became a family enjoying an evening of music together, and beat time to the grand finale—which was, of course, John Philip Sousa's "Stars and Stripes Forever." It was a show.

There's an even bigger show in the making. In September, Elkhart will celebrate its Centennial. The official song for the occasion, already accepted by the governor and the mayor, is titled, "I'm a Conn Artist From Elkhart, Indiana."

Author-composer-musician Meredith Willson will lead the parade and Conn men promise that, this time, there really will be 76 trombones and 110 cornets. Manning them and other instruments, will be Bill Page and a huge crew of his student musicians. When they stride out, the drums booming, the sun glinting on the golden horns and the majors and majorettes high stepping, it's going to be the biggest day Elkhart ever saw and heard!

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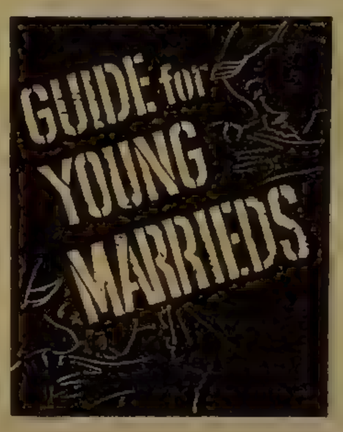
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Aunt Emily's "Extra Lives"

(*Continued from page* 25)

I could write a book called 'I Lead Three Lives'—my own, my mother's and my father's." Mona laughs, and nods agreement. "Don't we all! We lead our own lives to the hilt, but each is vitally interested in what the others do."

Frank Sr. picks up the conversation: "We cover one another's shows. We like to have family opinions about a performance. We enjoy doing things together—going out on our boat, playing bridge. We take many vacations together. Even when Mona and I go off alone, Frankie is apt to turn up for a weekend to take me on for a game of golf."

When they're learning lines for their individual shows, only one Thomas will cue the other. The third member prefers to watch a performance "cold," to get a more objective slant on it. "As soon as we finish a show, we call home to get the reviews," Mona adds. "If neither Frank nor Frankie has covered one of my shows, because of conflicting assignments, I feel lost. They're my barometers. It's good to have honest and expert criticism from those you love."

The Thomases live in the heart of New York now, in a comfortable, homey apartment furnished with things they have enjoyed through the years, plus a few new pieces which don't disturb the lived-in look. Mona is chief cook and bottle-washer. "Frank's a good 'camp cook' and can take over at home when I'm too busy," she says. "Breakfast is anybody's responsibility—mine, Dad's or Frankie's, whoever is up first. Usually I'm the one, with Dad right behind me and Frankie a little on the late side."

In a household where someone is constantly studying a script, or racing out to rehearsals and broadcasts, chores have a tendency to become departmentalized. Frank does the shopping, but Mona makes out the list. She writes the checks. "I deposit the money and she spends it," Frank observes. "When we were first married, even though she was very young, I thought she should learn to handle the family funds. She did it so well that I never took the job back."

Frank handles business arrangements, has always been interested in real estate, and has always had good ideas about the development of property. At one time, the family owned three farms and lived on one of them in a lovely white house on a hill, in New Jersey. "We loved it," Mona sighs. "But some big laboratories were built there and our taxes went sky-high within a year, so we decided to give up the farm and now divide our time between the convenience of a New York apartment and the boat we dock in Long Island Sound."

Frankie has been aboard boats since he was a baby, and is an excellent sailor. Frank is an old hand, went down to Nassau last April and sailed a schooner up to New York, is crazy about boats.

Frank became an actor by accident. His grandfather was a judge, and his family lived across from St. Joseph, Missouri's Courthouse Square—on which the theater also faced. "The Square was my playground," Frank recalls. "Whenever a stock company came to town and needed children for incidental parts, we kids in the Square were handy, so they put us on. We didn't have any lines in the beginning, but we did learn our way around in the theater. After a while, a manager of a traveling company offered me a job on tour. I was seventeen and I took it. It was the best experience I could have had."

Mona was born in Belleville, Illinois, became stagestruck at seven, when she was cast as the tragic little daughter in that old stock-company classic, "Ten Nights in a Bar Room." Like Frank's, her theatrical debut was accidental. "The stock-company members boarded in various homes in the community, and I made friends with several who lived next-door. They needed someone my age to play the little girl, and overnight I was an actress!"

At fourteen, she made a Broadway debut in the stage spectacle, "Chin Chin." She spoke one line consisting of three words. By the time she was sixteen, she was a veteran, probably the theater's youngest leading lady, in a national touring company of "Captain Kidd, Jr."

The tall, broad-shouldered Frank Thomas and petite, red-haired Mona Bruns, standing only three-quarters of an inch over five feet and weighing only a hundred pounds (she's still only 104 pounds of tireless energy), met for the first time at the Greenwich Village Theater in New York. She had already been cast as the star of "Hobohemia," the first play by Sinclair Lewis, and the producers were searching for a man to play opposite her.

"I was waiting to audition for the part after a bout with the flu," Frank says. "I had only recently been discharged from the Navy after World War I. The theater had not yet opened and I stood outside, waiting, when a car drove up and Mona stepped out. (She had seen me once in a play, and I had seen her in one play, but we hadn't met.) She looked at me and asked, 'Have you been sick? Because then you shouldn't be standing out here!' She hustled me into the theater and fussed over me, and she has been solicitous about me ever since."

They were married soon afterward, and they made an effort to play the same shows and to stay together as much as possible. Already, each of them was leading two lives. They worked together in stock and in Broadway productions. During the course of the New York production of "Bluebonnet," in 1921, starring Ernest Truex and featuring Mona as an unmarried sixteen-year-old, young Mrs. Thomas found she was going to have a baby. She worked through the fifth month, then retired until Frankie was born.

"Frankie has napped on many a make-up shelf," she smiles. "He was only nine months old when Dad and I played leads in Jessie Bonstelle's stock company in Buffalo, New York. Miss Bonstelle had told us that she didn't like to take a married couple, especially with a baby. We said we would take a nurse along and keep Frankie under wraps, and no one would know about him.

"We got a house away from the theater, and for a couple of weeks everything went smoothly. After one matinee, some of the girls followed us home, waited until after we went out again, then rang the bell. The maid came to the door with the baby, and our secret was out. Everybody fell in love with Frankie, so it never made any difference after that. Wherever we went, he went."

It was probably inevitable that a boy who literally was brought up in a trunk, and whose familiar playground was empty stages and echoing theater auditoriums, between shows, should early become an actor.

"Our plans for Frankie included the usual ten or twelve years of grade and high school, and then college," Mona reminisces. "His father went to Butler University in Indianapolis, and he wanted Frankie to have a college education and then choose whatever profession appealed to him. But, when he was nine, the plans changed abruptly.

"The Depression had hit the theater as it had all other things. Frank and I had been in a number of flops. We had our house in New Jersey and we thought of going out there 'to just weather the hard times out,' but I was afraid we would be buried in the country away from any opportunities that might come up."

At this point, they heard that a friend wanted to sublet her apartment in New York and they decided to take it. Mona used to take Frankie to nearby Central Park to play. On the way to the park one day, they met an actress friend who asked Mona if she and Frank were working. Mona had to admit they were both "at liberty." The friend suggested there might be a part for her in a new play being cast, "Carry Nation," which Blanche Yurka was to direct. (Such present-day greats as James Stewart, Mildred Natwick and Myron McCormick were in it.)

"We'll go there first, and then I'll take you to the park," Mona told Frankie. When the producer saw her, he said: "Why, Mona, this part is not for you. It's for a character woman." He looked at Frankie "But there's a part in the second act that Frankie could play."

"Oh, no," Mona remonstrated. "Frankie isn't going to be an actor, at least not yet. He has a lot of schooling ahead of him."

"But why not, Mother?" Frankie spoke up.

In the end, although Mona was sure his father would object vigorously, Frankie won out. He had been cueing his parents in their parts ever since he was old enough to read, and there was nothing about the theater which was new or strange to him. It was his natural habitat, and play-acting was just another game. Fun. Exciting.

"After that, we couldn't stop him," says Frank. "He was in the Professional Children's School in New York, which made it possible for him to go on with his school work. On the road, he had to keep up lessons just like any schoolboy."

Not once have all three Thomases worked in the same play, the same movie, the same radio or television show. Between them, Frank and Frankie have made about two hundred Hollywood movies. Frankie must have registered strongly in at least one film role: Some time afterward, when he was starring on television as *Tom Corbett, Space Cadet*, and making a personal appearance in Detroit, a boy came up to him and said, "You're a phony. You're not Tom Corbett. *I* know you're Tim Tyler—because I saw you in the movies!"

Frank and Frankie have been in two plays together, "Remember the Day" and "Goodbye Again." Mona and Frankie were together in the Broadway hit show, "Wednesday's Child," and Mona still says, "It was the most thrilling moment of my career, to be on Broadway with my son. And just as thrilling when we did the same roles for the movie version."

Mother and son were in the very first daytime television serial, *A Woman To Remember*. "Now the wheel has made a full turn," Frankie says. "The story of *A Woman To Remember* was set in a radio studio, and I played a sound-effects man. Just recently, I played a TV cameraman in *Love Of Life*—the one who gave Vanessa her first lessons in studio politics."

Husband and wife appeared together in one of the earliest night-time serials on television, a show called *Wesley*, produced by Tony Miner and directed by Franklin

Schaffner. *Wesley* was broadcast live from a studio in the East Fifties in New York. At the same time, Mona was also playing the Senator's wife in the Judy Holliday—Paul Douglas hit play, "Born Yesterday," at a theater in the West Forties.

"Every Tuesday, the day *Wesley* was broadcast, was a nightmare. I'd race to the studio to do *Wesley,* then I'd race to the theater in time to appear in 'Born Yesterday,'" Mona recalls. "I couldn't have done both shows without Frankie. He had a cab waiting at each end, and he never let even a 'big date' interfere until after he had delivered me to the theater on time."

Frankie—who looks a lot like his dad and is the same height, almost six-feet—is still a bachelor. "We make him too comfortable at home," his mother says. "But, one of these days, it will happen."

"It took quite a while for it to happen to me," says his father. "And it was worth waiting for."

All the Thomases have had long experience in radio and television, in the big night-time dramatic shows, as well as daytime serial dramas. Frank had a long run in *Portia Faces Life* on radio, followed it into television until it went off the air. He played the newspaper owner of *Love Of Life* until the part was written out. He was the judge in the series, *The Black Robe,* has appeared in *The Verdict Is Yours,* and a long list of others. His most recent Broadway role was the General in "End As a Man." Mona has done *Studio One, Hallmark Hall Of Fame,* and many others. Frankie has been in more dramas than he can count.

At one point in her menfolks' careers, when they were all working and living in California, Mona went into semi-retirement to act as Frankie's agent and to give more time to home and family life. Then, when Frankie got into World War II in 1941, they came back to New York, where for two years she took over the role of Miss Sally in "Chicken Every Sunday." This was followed by her four-year stint in "Born Yesterday."

Television now plays an important part in the lives of all the Thomases, with three careers so closely involved with it. What's more, they like TV and are fans themselves.

"Creating and playing Aunt Emily in *The Brighter Day* has given me a kind of serenity that I never had before," Mona confides. "Maybe it's because I really like her and want to *be* like her. Quiet and serene, but with a good sense of humor. I never have to 'reach,' the way one sometimes has to do to understand a character. I never have to analyze. There Emily is, just waiting for me to take over."

"I sometimes don't know where Mona leaves off and Emily begins," Frank says. "It's a wonderfully sensitive part for Mona. We have all been so lucky in the people we work with."

"Yes, I'm very lucky," Mona agreed. "There's a good feeling all the way down, from our agency supervisor, Bob Leadley, producer Terry (Therese) Lewis, director Del Hughes and writer Sam Hall, to the whole cast and crew.

"Between Aunt Emily and her brother, Reverend Dennis, and the other characters, there is a quality of love and understanding that is only possible because we, who have played these parts so long, share personally in some of that feeling."

It's the kind of feeling that has drawn close together the Thomas family—Frank, Frankie and Mona. Even while each has been able to maintain his own freedom as an individual, there has been a linking of careers, an understanding of one another's problems, a strong bond of interest. That's how the Thomases have continued to live at least nine good lives!



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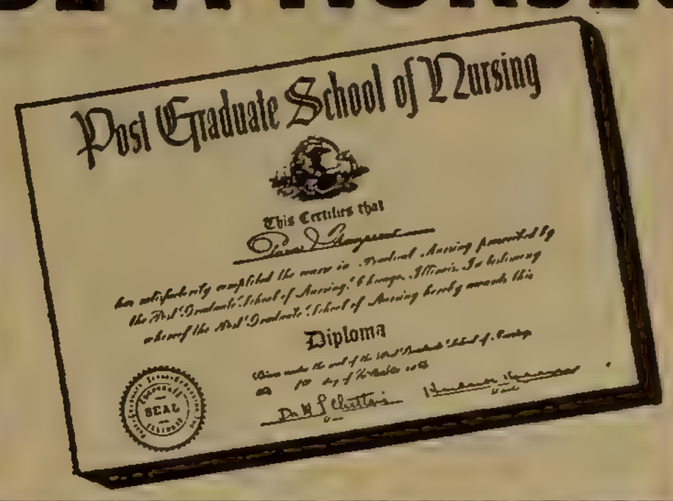
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Chicago's Clan McNeill

(*Continued from page* 54)

senior in high school this fall, has proved to be a mathematical wizard.

Don, the father, says, "I'm aware that these boys are much more than I ever dreamed they'd be. A lot of it is due to luck and their own doing. Of course I'm proud of them."

But Don's pride is carefully restrained at their home in Winnetka, Illinois. To a casual observer, Don McNeill might appear to be an indifferent, even disinterested parent. None of the boys recalls his father slapping him on the back for a difficult accomplishment. Neither Tom nor Don remembers ever getting a congratulatory telegram or telephone call at Notre Dame when they won honors. For the boys, there has never been a material reward in the shape of a sports car, or even a bow tie, for outstanding achievements. In fact, there has never been any kind of gift for a birthday, anniversary or graduation.

Yet the relationship among Don and his sons is unique, one that any other father might envy. The truth is rather subtle and you get it through fragments of the past and observations made by Mrs. McNeill and the boys. You find that the only time Don showed any outward sign of boastfulness was twenty-three years ago.

"When our first son was born, it would be an understatement to say I was excited," Don recalls. "Mrs. McNeill and I had been told several times by doctors that we shouldn't expect to have children, so perhaps I had more reason than most men to be excited. Kay and I had been married about two-and-a-half years when Tom was born, and I was doing the morning show. Well, for a week I flailed the air with news of the baby. Finally, they called me into the front office and said, 'We presume that someone else has had a boy before, and perhaps it would be just as well for you to program a little music and something else, for a change, and shut up about your baby.'"

They were living in a small apartment and, at 5:30 A.M., Don, Kay and the baby would jam into the tiny bathroom already crowded with wet laundry. Kay McNeill says, "It was a jumble, with me bathing the baby and Don trying to shave. Someone had told me that a bright light was bad for the baby's eyes, and I made Don hang a towel over the light. Poor Don. With every other stroke, he'd catch the razor in the towel and pull it off and I'd quick make him tie it back! But Don was as good as gold.

"There was one night," she recalls, "Don came home with orders from his boss to write a new script for the next morning. The baby was crying and Don said, 'He's only fooling.' We went into the living room, where Don took out his typewriter. The moment he began to type, there was a deathly silence in the bedroom. We rushed in and found Tom holding his breath. Don picked him up, soothed him, then put him down. We went out and Don began to type again. Tom repeated the breath-holding. Don was afraid of losing his job if he didn't finish the script, so the pressure was on both ways. But he spent most of the night walking the baby. He didn't finish the script—but, luckily, he wasn't fired."

Mrs. McNeill did most of the disciplining as the boys grew older, but occasionally Don was called on to apply sterner measures. "It always unnerved him," Mrs. McNeill says. "Sunday mornings were the only times Don could catch up on his rest. Tom and Don, who were about eight and six, would plague him with noise. Sometimes he'd spank them. He'd come away from it all shook up, but the boys—and they admit this now—would go into their room and laugh."

Neither Kay nor Don took the boys' shenanigans too seriously. As Don says, "Children have a lot of steam to get rid of when they're young, and we're all for it." Don grins and adds, "Anyway, the spanking didn't go on beyond the age of twelve for any of them. It would have been foolhardy—by that time, they were young bulls and taller than I was. About that time, too, they began to have special problems just because they were my sons."

Don Jr., who has been most successful of the boys in athletics, remembers how tough it was to be on a basketball court or baseball diamond. "Wherever we were playing, the opposing team and cheering section would needle me by singing, 'Good morning, Breakfast Clubbers.' I remember I blew up when it happened as I was pitching my first game, my freshman year in high school. Well, I got over that, but it was gradual. By my senior year, I felt a distinct pride in being identified with Dad.

"The trouble in those early years," he adds, "is that you have a different set of values. Your classmates are judging you in terms of money or because your father is a celebrity. If Tom's name or mine appeared in the local paper, it was always as Don McNeill's son. Well, Dad didn't like it, and I think we were annoyed. We wanted to make it on our own. When we got to college, it was different and our classmates' attitude was different. It was then that we began to appreciate Dad in terms of his accomplishment and recognized the wonderful relationship he has with his radio audience."

Tom McNeill says, "Dad never preached to us about making the world better, but he has subtly influenced us to this way of thinking. Perhaps we sensed his values and feelings about things. Like the other day, I saw a magazine piece which described him as the highest-paid performer in radio and then went on to itemize his material possessions. I know this kind of thing makes him unhappy, for his concern has always been with his family and human values. That may be why we never exchange gifts. In high school, we had modest allowances but always had money left over, because there was never this drive to go out and buy something out of pure whimsy. A lot of high-school students have cars. We never did. It wasn't until my last year in law school that I got a car. Donnie and Bob still don't have one."

The McNeills live in a handsome, comfortable home in Winnetka. Beyond this, Don's only other substantial material possession is a forty-acre woodland, forty-five miles north of Chicago, where he and the boys hunt, fish and swim. Don has always encouraged his sons in sports. "I was a tall, ungainly, sickly kid," he explains, "and I was never good at athletics. That affected me a great deal. On the other hand, I was close to my father. I still am. He had a great reputation as a fisherman and hunter, and he took me out with a rod when I was eight. Before I was twelve, I had my first gun. That much I have tried to pass along to my boys."

The boys have been successful at sports, as well as their studies, and in such extra-curricular activities as R.O.T.C. and social clubs. But, Tom notes, "Dad has never let us get too big for our britches. He has an intuitive reflex when he thinks we're getting cocky. This is part of his own modesty. You know, it was only in the past year that we learned Dad was valedictorian of his own class at Marquette University. Bobby dug into Dad's old yearbook and discovered this."

Competition runs high among the boys and they make no bones about it. "There's not one of us who likes to lose," Don Jr. says, "and that even includes Mother and Dad. We seldom compete with Mother. But when we're out with Dad—whether it's golf, basketball, hunting or fishing—we're looking to see who gets the best shot or the biggest fish. On the golf course, Dad is very pleased when we're in good form. On the other hand, he likes a good game, too, and gets a long face when it goes bad.

"There are great things about Dad in sports," adds Don Jr., who teamed up with his father to win a father-son golf tournament. "I've noticed his friends love to play with him, because—even on the course—his charitable nature is obvious. Under pressure, as I've seen him in tournaments, he always comes through. And the greatest thing about him: Even when he has a bad day, he's back again the next, and trying again."

In the past twenty-five years on the air, Don has transmitted a sense of goodwill among his listeners. His philosophy is simply tolerance and faith. He is a devout Catholic, but his philosophy, as expressed daily in the prayer section of the broadcasts, brings him letters from people of all beliefs who are certain that his faith is theirs. He does this without sermonizing. His influence at home, as well as on his audience, has been subtle and cumulative.

Mrs. McNeill notes that she and Don have been deeply moved by their sons' desire to help others. She says, "There is the instance of a couple of boys who were about to flunk out of school. Donnie took them under his wing and the boys eventually graduated with honors. When Don and Tom were just children, they found a playmate had taken to stealing—he stole valuable mail from a neighbor's box and buried it. Don and Tom came to me and said, 'We don't want to be tattle-tales, but we think he will get into trouble. What shall we do?'

"Well, I knew this youngster and loved him. I called him over and explained that Don and Tom didn't want to see him go to jail. I suggested that we all go down to the field, with the woman who was supposed to get the mail, and give it back. That's what we did, and the youngster became such good friends with ours that he transferred over to their school." Mrs. McNeill adds, "I see this in the boys today—the hope to make things a little better, the will to help their friends. I think they get this from their father."

Aside from serious discussions, of course, the boys have also been exposed to their father's wit. "Not in a hurting or snide way," Tom smiles. "It's as if he sees our heads swelling a bit and finds it necessary to deflate our egos to human-size—which he does with a few well-chosen words. But we do this to each other and to Dad, too. It's a kind of teasing, and I think it brings us closer. If Daddy is getting hot at the pool table and we can see that he's getting pleased with himself, we'll 'just happen' to bump his elbow as he's about to shoot."

Don himself enjoys the give-and-take, and he doesn't take it lying down. "They kid me about my waistline," he says, "but they're getting a little soft themselves." He

notes that the gibing about his household chores is based on fact. "I've always hated the little jobs around the house and, if I happen to spend a couple of hours manicuring the hedges, one of them is bound to drop the remark, 'Well, the old man finally got off his duffer.' "

The free talk ends when it comes to sentimentality or pride. Don's affection has never been expressed beyond a handshake. "But the boys know he is crazy about them, even if he doesn't say so," Mrs. McNeill points out. "He has never patted them on the back or said, 'That was wonderful'—but I can tell you how he was at the boys' graduation. They say usually women are weepy, but it was Dad who sat there with tears streaming out of his eyes. Donnie made a speech that was so great, with so much poise, that big Don couldn't even nudge me."

Throughout primary and secondary schools, both parents worked with the boys—Don says, "Kay and I feel as if we'd both gone through high school four times." But it was Don who emphasized that school is for learning and that grades are incidental. It was Don who decided that the boys were to go out only on weekends. "This was hard to take," Tom recalls, "for my friends were dating on weekday nights. I argued that, but Dad has always made the point that we don't do things just because other people do them. We may be the only children in the country who don't give our parents gifts on Mother's or Father's Day, but we do honor and respect our parents. On those days, we always try to get together, even if it means coming home from school. It's *being together* that is the important thing."

Mrs. McNeill says, "Don may seem reserved, but we all lean on him. In a crisis, he does exactly the right thing. And we've had our share of bad times. I think the most horrible thing that ever happened to us was Tom's polio. We had this great doctor who came to the house when Tommy was ill. He examined him and said, 'Let's all go downstairs and have a cigarette.' I didn't want to smoke, but I took the cigarette and he said, 'I have some news for you that isn't too good, but I want you to take it in the right way. With the faith you people have in prayers, I don't think it will be any problem. Tom has polio.'

"We could hardly believe it, as he went on, 'The thing to do is not get upset. I want you to wrap Tom in an old blanket and follow me over to the hospital.' We did, and then we waited in the hospital. The doctor came out and told us, 'Yes. He has the highest count in the hospital, and he's paralyzed.' He sent us home to wait.

"I'll never forget dinner, that night. Don was the hero then. He said, 'I know we're all upset. Instead of eating and getting sick, let's put the food aside and plan something that will really please Tom.' So I cleared off the dishes—and we sat around the table drawing cartoons and writing poems and messages to Tom."

Mrs. McNeill observes, "In his own way, Don had brought us out of a state of shock into a state of hope and faith. Tom completely recovered, but those were bad weeks."

Tom himself recalls, "Mother was there every day to cheer me. We've always said, 'Dad is the pepper-upper, from nine to ten in the morning, then Mom takes over.' But Dad would come to see me every few days and, in his quiet way, gave me the will to get well and feel as if I ought to be doing something about getting up."

Perhaps the best description of Don McNeill, as a man and a father, is the expression used by Don Jr. He calls him: *"The quiet leader."*

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How the Marshal Got Married

(*Continued from page* 47)

lanky boy who pulled himself out of that car—he never seemed to end!" But Jim took pains to be very impersonal. He made sure that the dark-eyed girl wouldn't get any ideas about seeing him again.

Virginia was intrigued. She had never met anyone quite like this. He was uncomplicated, relaxed, healthy—and blithely broke. But, with no encouragement from him whatsoever, she automatically wrote him out of her life.

Then, by one of those circumstances which can alter a whole lifetime, the actor who played Dr. Morrell in "Candida" was suddenly called to London. Jim's friend dragged him back from the beach to try out for the replacement.

Right from the start, the director was disturbed because the replacing Dr. Morrell failed wretchedly in the love scenes—he absolutely refused to kiss Candida! Virginia took Jim aside and lectured him! "Look, Jim, you've simply *got* to kiss me. You're not going to be able to hold onto this role if you don't make love to me." Big Jim would agree, awkwardly promising to remedy the situation. But, when he was back on the rehearsal stage, when the eyes of the cast and crew were focused upon him, he simply couldn't.

Looking back, Jim realizes that there were two reasons for this failure: In the beginning, he didn't want to kiss Virginia because he was fighting involvement—he loved his uncomplicated bachelor life. And then, *after* he was hopelessly involved, in spite of all his precautions, he didn't want the first kiss between him and the girl he loved to be bestowed—just because it was a stage direction.

Going into his own background, and then her background, he realized that the whole thing was pretty hopeless. Jim had grown up in Minneapolis in comfortable circumstances—but with one important lack. Family stability. As Jim grew to manhood, his parents separated. "I had no pattern or precept," he says, "to create in me a driving need for having a happy home of my own."

With his brother—now known on the screen as Peter Graves—he grew up in a preponderantly masculine world of hunting and fishing. "I didn't have much use for girls in those days," Jim says, "and girls didn't have much use for me. I was more interested in adventure, and in how fast I could get away from home and see the world."

When he was scarcely seventeen, Jim shipped aboard a freighter out of Galveston as a member of the crew. Returning reluctantly to finish high school, he put in one semester at Beloit College in Wisconsin before real adventure caught up with him in a big way: He was nabbed by the Army and, all too soon, found himself involved in the bitter fighting of the Italian campaign as a member of the Third Infantry Division. He was wounded on the deadly Anzio beachhead and spent a year in Army hospitals before his discharge.

Jim intended to go back to college, but an interim job as announcer and general utility actor in a Minneapolis radio station sold him on the virtues of a life in greasepaint. Coming to Hollywood, he had a surprising (and, as it turned out, very misleading) run of good luck that landed him in a top picture role while he was still new at the trade. An agent who had spotted him in a little-theater production got him an important role as one of Loretta Young's brothers in "The Farmer's Daughter." Jim's work was received with enthusiasm, and the future looked bright.

There was only one thing wrong with the picture: The war was ending, and the first-string actors were returning to Hollywood and being given top priority in casting. Jim Arness, the youthful giant from Minnesota, drifted into lesser and lesser roles, and then no roles at all. He became carpenter, salesman, and finally day laborer, digging foundation ditches—this was what he was doing when he met Virginia Chapman.

With Virginia, the background was different. She was a California native, born into a fine old family; her father owned a china-importing company in Los Angeles. But the war had left its mark on Virginia, too. She had made an unfortunate, quick wartime marriage which lasted just long enough for her to have a baby, a baby which now depended upon her entirely for its support. She went to work for her father in the importing business because she could take her small son with her.

With good looks, and considerable acting talent, Virginia entered the Pasadena Playhouse, studying nights. But always foremost in her mind was the necessity of supporting her son. In her own way, she was fighting involvement, too. The very last kind of man she wanted to fall in love with was one who didn't have a dime to buy her an ice-cream cone.

Jim had a small disability check from the Government; it was his custom to blow it all in one gala evening, and then live on crackers until the next check came. Virginia just couldn't see this kind of economy. Yet she found herself becoming increasingly intrigued by this improbable and improvident young man who didn't want to kiss her.

Just when the director of "Candida" was beside himself with frustration, Virginia herself found the solution in typical feminine fashion. One night, as Jim was driving her home from rehearsal, she feigned sleepiness. Her head drooped gradually, then came to rest on Jim's substantial shoulder. She stirred slightly in her "sleep," and Jim's arm tightened around her. He stopped the car, bent over—and kissed her.

From that time on, they were inseparable. "Jim never had any money," Virginia reminisces. "He drove an old 1936 Buick touring sedan, but he never was able to keep it in gasoline. We were always running out of gas on the freeway! Finally, it became our regular routine for him to drive as far as my house—which was midway between the beach and Pasadena—and go the rest of the way in my car."

None of these vicissitudes seemed to interfere with their pleasure in each other's company. Everything was a lark. They lived strictly for the present; there was no past and no future.

So Jim Arness and Virginia Chapman started going steady—he vowing not, under any circumstances, to propose to her—and she vowing not, under any circumstances, to accept him in case he did.

But before long, they found themselves being drawn into a trap. "Jim was covering me with so much love and affection and concern that I couldn't resist him," Virginia says. "He did everything for me—even to baby-sitting when I stepped out on him with other dates!"

It suddenly came over Jim, the blockbusting knowledge that he just had to marry Virginia Chapman in spite of the admonitions of his bachelor friends and his own devotion to the free, untrammeled life. The conviction came to him so suddenly and hit him so hard that he got up before daybreak and drove in from the beach to propose to Virginia, stopping only to buy flowers with his breakfast money.

This was the day, of all days, that the Chapmans had chosen to visit relatives all day in an outlying section of town. So Jim, bursting with enthusiasm and forcefulness and high resolve, had the wind completely blown out of his sails when he rang the doorbell and found nobody home.

He spent the day literally sitting on the doorstep, waiting for her to return. ("And I've been sitting on her doorstep ever since," Jim says.)

Virginia's parents viewed this budding romance with considerable alarm. She had made one quick, unhappy marriage, and they wanted her to think a long time before plunging into another. In order that the young couple could get thoroughly acquainted, under normal, day-after-day circumstances, they invited Jim to spend a week with the family at their cabin in the High Sierras. Away from the mutual interest of the Pasadena Playhouse, they reasoned, Jim and Virginia would have a good chance to find out if they were truly in love.

The experiment proved a happy one. If Virginia had any doubts before, they were dispelled now. Seeing her rugged north woodsman in his own environment, with the wind in his hair and the tall pine trees all about him, she knew beyond all shadow of a doubt that this was what she wanted.

The Chapmans immediately made overtures for Jim to come into the china-importing business. This he resisted. "I'd be like a bull in a china shop," he told them. Instead, he went to work as salesman for a plywood firm. At that time, a huge, all-concrete housing development was rising in Los Angeles. Jim bid on the order for plywood to frame the concrete forms, and it appeared certain that he would get it—a giant order which stood to net him several thousand dollars in commissions.

Jubilant, they told Virginia's parents that they could stand on their own two feet, that they had no need, now, to accept parental help. They were so jubilant, in fact, that they named the date for their wedding and sent out announcements.

Then the plywood order fell through. Jim, out of sheer desperation, went to work for the Los Angeles *Examiner*, selling classified ads. But Virginia had no worries, no regrets, once she had charted her course. "I married Jim purely for love," she says. "For love, and for fun. I never had any expectations that he would succeed as an actor and support me in fine style. I never had any expectations, in fact, but that I would go on working, and we would always be poor.

"The one thing that I did have faith in—complete, blind, unquestioning faith—was in Jim's ability to make me happy. Nothing else really mattered."

And so they were married.

Returning from their honeymoon on the romantic Monterrey peninsula, the James Arnesses set up housekeeping on the second floor of an ancient Victorian house owned by Virginia's family.

"We steamed off the old wallpaper and scraped off the old paint," Jim says. "Vir has a real flair for interior decorating; she had that place looking like it came right out of the pages of a magazine. Our biggest expenditure was a stove. To make the payments, we saved on our groceries, shopping at a downtown cut-rate market. We learned how to cook together."

Meanwhile, Jim stuck to his job selling advertising for the paper, and Virginia continued working for her father, with her young son still in a play pen in the

same old stand—at the back of the office.

But almost immediately their life began to change—as though Virginia's profound belief in Jim worked some mystic alchemy to bring her the material things she never asked for, never expected.

Only a few short weeks after their marriage, Jim was suddenly offered an excellent role in "Battleground." It has been said that an aspiring actor needs only one good role. This was it, for Jim. During the next three years, he appeared as a featured player in more than twenty films.

When their daughter, Jenny Lee, was born, the Arnesses shopped for a new home. It was a brown shingle Cape Cod cottage in the Pacific Palisades section of Los Angeles. There were crisp organdie curtains at the windows—and everywhere, trees, trees, trees!

Signed by John Wayne's producing company, Jim made picture after picture. With the arrival of another baby—a boy named Rolf—they went house-hunting again. It took them a year to find just what they wanted—a rambling rustic farmhouse in a setting of huge live-oak trees.

Meanwhile, Jim had switched his talents to television and became an overnight star in *Gunsmoke*. As the series picked up momentum, Jim's characterization of Marshal Matt Dillon became a twenty-four-hour-a-day job. *Gunsmoke* runs fifty-two weeks in the year. In his spare time, if any, Jim has to handle his publicity requests, make personal appearances and do his share in expediting the prodigious amount of fan mail.

But when the "gunsmoke" rolls away, when all the responsibilities and obligations are discharged, then Jim returns to his "Vir," and the three children in the happy home that love built, among the trees. The house itself is constantly undergoing change—new rooms are added, old rooms are enlarged. Built into a canyon, it sprawls over several levels, and a visitor comes away with an odd impression of having been in a tree-house.

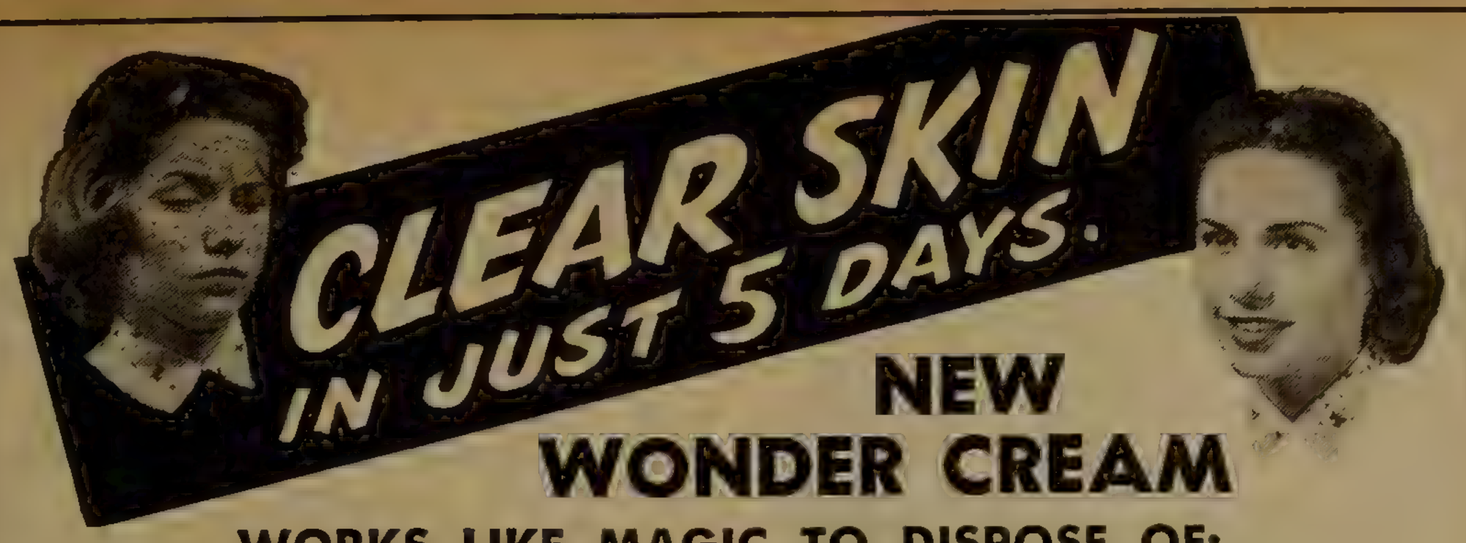
The very lowermost level is a child's paradise. There are playhouses, and club houses, and dog houses. There are sand piles and jungle gyms, slides and see-saws. Meandering around and about this lower plot is a sidewalk, designed and built just for roller-skating and tricycle-riding and games of hopscotch. Pacific Palisades is a neighborhood of large estates, with spacious lawns rolling right down to the roads. But the Arnesses hold to the belief that every child needs a sidewalk, so they built their own.

They live very quietly; their social life centers about their children and the people who live on their street. For Christmas dinner, they entertained a widely assorted group which included their gardener, Jim's stand-in, the psychiatrist from across the street, and another doctor from down the block.

They do not have a full-time maid as yet; there is a part-time cleaning woman, and a cook who comes in twice a week to prepare dinner. On one of these nights it is the family custom for the children to take turns "entertaining." They invite their own guests, dress for the occasion, and perform all the duties of a young host.

Through it all, Virginia sometimes finds it a struggle to maintain her own identity. "Jim is a big man," she says. "He's important and his life is complex. I never can seem to manage to get caught up with the things our life demands of us. I sometimes feel like I'm running down the track ahead of the locomotive, and it's gaining on me faster than I can run!"

Big Jim only smiles. "If things get too rough," he says reassuringly, "we can always chuck it all. I'll buy you a book store up in Carmel, and help you run it!"



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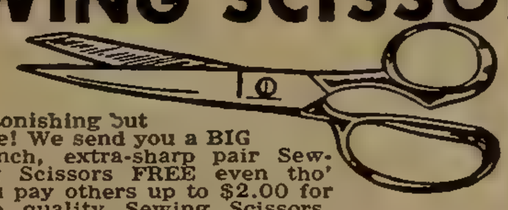
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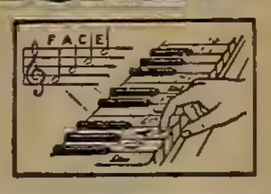


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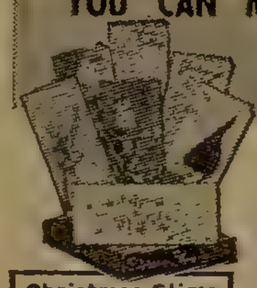
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Serenade to a Bachelor

(*Continued from page 22*)

been so few printed details of his personal life that you expect he will be tight-lipped, cool to personal questions, in an interview. Instead, you find that he talks frankly and generously. You find he is pleasant, intelligent and quick-witted. But he admits to a yen for privacy.

"That's the kind of guy I am," he explains. "If I go to a party, odds are that I'll be asked to sing. I resent it. When I'm out for relaxation, I like to be my private self. And because I'm in a business that doesn't lend itself much to privacy, I think it's very important to be alone at times, if only to keep your balance. It's so easy in show business to get lopsided and dull if you don't have other interests. Show business is by no means the only thing in life. This is one of the reasons I'm interested in art and reading, tennis and golf."

Andy lives in a brownstone building in Manhattan's East Sixties, a stone's throw from Central Park. As you enter his three-room apartment, you are at once dazzled by oranges and reds. The walls, from floor to ceilings, are covered by paintings and prints, most representing the French impressionist and modern schools. He has collected about eighty pictures, and some fifty of them are hung. He has chosen all of his furnishings and these, too, are unique.

"For years," he says, "I was the youngest brother in the family quartet. I was about sixteen when the Williams Brothers began traveling with Kay Thompson. I then began to think of having an apartment of my own and I began to collect furniture. That cane-backed chair is a Louis XV I got in Montreal. The cockfighter's chair I bid on at an auction in New York. I found the bell-like chandelier in Venice."

Andy has been on the move since childhood, but he has never tired of traveling. "I got my first view of London and Europe when we were with Kay Thompson. That excursion whetted my appetite for another trip abroad. Last summer I was set to return, but there was the chance to replace Dinah Shore's fifteen-minute show on NBC-TV. Well, I knew early this spring that I would be replacing Pat Boone this summer, so I took off for Europe in April."

When Andy first got into the business, it happened unexpectedly—and rather inappropriately—in Iowa. "I was born in Wall Lake, Iowa. We had 729 people, thirteen churches and twenty-three filling stations. Everyone was thrifty and religious. The choir at the church we attended consisted wholly of my parents and my two older brothers, Bob and Don. Then Dick, who was next in line, joined, and I was in the choir at six."

Andy's father, Jay Williams, was fascinated by show business. At home, he organized his four sons into a quartet. When Andy was eight and his oldest brother, Bob, was seventeen, they got a job singing over WHO in Des Moines, Iowa.

"Dad rehearsed us and got us our jobs for the next ten years," Andy says, "but his job was with the postal department. Every time we moved, Dad had to find someone in the mail service to exchange with him. In every case, this meant he would lose seniority. We went from Wall Lake to Des Moines. Then he sent a recording of our quartet to WLS in Chicago. They wanted us, and Dad took another demotion to transfer. Same thing happened when we moved to Cincinnati to sing at WLW."

But the senior Williams was a good business man, who figured there was money in show business. At first, the quartet was earning twenty dollars a show. They got just a hundred a week in Chicago but, in Cincinnati, they began to gather loot, earning as much as five hundred a week. He kept the family together and had the best interests of his children at heart.

Their singing was restricted to radio. He never booked them into barnstorming tours that would take them away from home and out of school.

"We had a good and happy family," Andy says. "Mother is a gasser. Pretty and animated. Kind of reminds me of Spring Byington. Dad is serious, but then he didn't have an easy time rehearsing us and keeping us together. We were so spread out in years. Dick and I were still kids when Don and Bob were quite mature. Every once in a while, there was a crisis. For example, Don wanted to quit the radio show so he could play football."

Their last move, as a family, was to Los Angeles, where the Williams Brothers were under contract to M-G-M. They made a half-dozen movies with such stars as Joan Davis, Deanna Durbin and Donald O'Connor. A recording they cut with Bing Crosby, "Swingin' on a Star," sold over a million. Then came World War II, and the three older brothers were drafted. Andy was still in high school.

After the war, the Williams Brothers teamed up with Kay Thompson. Kay, who is well known both as a writer, for her "Eloise" books, and as a performer, had been head of the M-G-M music department. With the boys, she formed a night-club act booked as "Kay Thompson and the Williams Brothers," and the boys began to work before live audiences for the first time.

"We were with Kay six years," Andy says, "and I just can't say too much for her. Kay got us interested in art. Between shows, she stimulated our thinking. She put good books in our hands. Wherever we traveled, she took us into museums and art galleries. That's where my liberal education began."

In 1953, at the conclusion of a tour, the brothers decided to disband. Bob wanted to stay put with his family on the West Coast: "He is now working as a purchasing agent for an aircraft plant in Los Angeles. Dick lives in New York and records for Decca. Don is in Las Vegas at the Tropicana Hotel, with the Don Williams Singers. They're all doing well. My luck began when I met an old friend in Manhattan."

Andy recalls he was in New York to promote his first recording as a singer. On the street, he met Bill Harbach, an old friend from California. "I asked Bill to have lunch with me. He was working for NBC as a producer, and said that he had to go on to a studio where they were auditioning male singers for a new night-time show which was to star Steve Allen. So we said goodbye. I got part-way down the block and thought, *Why don't I audition?* Bill had the same thought, and we both turned and met again. So I went on to the studio, auditioned, and got the job the same day.

"Those two and a half years with Steve were a ball," Andy continues. "Besides singing, I was usually the ape. Do you remember how the camera would switch out on the street and show people rushing out of a bar followed by a gorilla? Or the camera might poke up at a window and show a gal screaming and, above her, a gorilla hanging over a window-sill. Well, I was usually the gorilla!"

Andy stayed with Steve Allen's *Tonight* show until it was discontinued. By then, he had a half-dozen recording hits, including "Canadian Sunset," "Butterfly," and "Are You Sincere?" In 1956, *Billboard*, the trade publication, chose him as most promising young singer of the year. As a star in his own right, he has been busy with television appearances and night-club engagements.

Two years ago, a wish became reality when he established his own apartment in Manhattan. "I wasn't too happy with this place when I first got it," he admits. "The rooms were narrow, dark and ugly. The floor was painted black. Well, I had the floors scraped and found beautiful wood. I painted the walls a light beige and carpeted the floors with beige."

The ceiling is eighteen feet high. Over a tan marble fireplace, Andy has hung an impressive mirror which measures about eight feet in height and five in width. "I picked that up at a secondhand store for thirty-five dollars. Then I found another big one for the bedroom, right on the street where they were tearing down a building—all that cost me was six dollars to have it carted over. Picture frames are very expensive, so I went into junkyards and bought old ones for a dollar or two and had them cut down to size.

"At first, I bought inexpensive prints. Now I have about twenty originals. To me," Andy notes, "Matisse and Brigitte Bardot are the same thought—*beauty is beauty.*"

His record collection includes progressive and big-band jazz and the albums of a half-dozen vocalists, including Sinatra, Sarah Vaughan and Tony Bennett. The apartment reflects all his interests—with one omission. Barnaby, his boxer.

"Some years ago," he explains, "Kay Thompson came back from Paris with two three-month-old boxers. One was for me and the other for herself. Kay's, unfortunately, was killed by a car, then Barnaby began traveling with us. His real name is Young des Louvettes and his grandfather was the most famous boxer to come out of Italy. He's been everywhere and lived at all the best hotels, but I finally decided he was happier in a house, and he now lives with my parents in Los Angeles."

When he calls his folks in California, Andy always talks to Barnaby. "Even when I'm in Los Angeles and I call the house from downtown, Mother will say, 'Barnaby wants to talk to you,' and he gets on the phone. He's intelligent and understands many words in English or French, but he's not a 'talking dog.' He kind of whines at his end of the phone."

When Andy's in California, he spends many afternoons with Barnaby. "It's kind of a ritual. My nephew and nieces come over and we all drive up into the hills. We usually go up behind John Wayne's house, where there's a lot of country. While Barnaby runs, the kids and I play games."

Andy makes no bones of his love for children. "I'd like to have a big family, but haven't made up my mind about their prospective mother, as yet. When I think of exciting women, I think of Marilyn Monroe, Ingrid Bergman, Brigitte Bardot—I guess I have a slight preference for blondes. I like a girl who has nice taste—in clothes, furniture, the way she acts, and everything she does." He grins. "Actually, I don't care what type she is as long as the bells start ringing. Isn't that the way love should be?"

He's a guy who likes to laugh and have fun. He has no preconceived ideas about cooking or other domestic chores. He is tolerant and honors home and privacy. One mystery surrounding bachelor Andy Williams is why the right girl hasn't found *him*.

WHAT'S NEW ON THE EAST COAST

(*Continued from page 5*)

blond. No problem. His wife runs a beauty parlor. . . . Jackie Gleason returns to CBS-TV Friday nights beginning October 3. He has his weight down fifty pounds and his golf game down in the low eighties. . . . *Dotto* is a success in England and, on this side of the wet, Jack Narz is finally convinced that he is here to stay. He is selling his California home and setting up permanent residence in Mamaroneck. . . . NBC excited and slightly tremulous about a new series, *Peter Gunn*, co-starring Craig Stevens and Lola Albright. . . . It's true that *Talent Scouts* has been annoyed with rating problems and it's possible that Godfrey may convert to a panel show, but sponsor Toni claims Arthur is still the world's best salesman and will stick with him, whatever his plans.

Summer Rovers: Week of August 13 finds Bess Myerson playing the Deborah Kerr role in "Tea and Sympathy" at Sommers Point Playhouse, New Jersey. This will be her acting debut. . . . Be on the lookout for Maurice Gosfield (Doberman of Bilko's platoon), who is touring summer theaters in comedy, "At War With the Army." . . . Jan Miner and mate Terry O'Sullivan opened the Playhouse at Webster, Mass., with "Anniversary Waltz." . . . Hal March, starring in comedy, "A Hole in the Head," has been ranging the country from Texas to Louisiana to New England. Week of Aug. 4, he is in Boston; Aug. 11, Davenport State Fair; Aug. 18, Ogunquit, Me.; Aug. 25, Philadelphia. During a coffee break at rehearsal, Hal discussed himself and his plans. Summer theater: "It's a lifesaver. I had to work. I had to do something. Just doing the TV show one night a week with nothing else had me frittering." TV plans: "Well, *$64,000 Question* comes back in September and we have a firm 26-week contract." He talked a little about his new comedy series, *The Life For Me*. The pilot was made this past spring and CBS-TV picked up part of the tab. "The network is sold on it and is waiting for prime night time to open up. Probably be mid-season when it goes on." His family: "Fine, and we finally got that house in Scarsdale we've been after for years." Incidentally, Hal's leading lady, Donna Pearson, and the child lead, Ronnie Gates, in "Hole in the Head," are both veterans of many TV shows. Michael McAloney, director, not a TV veteran, says, "We're tickled with Hal. I've directed Raymond Massey, Cedric Hardwicke and many others, but I've never known a man so easy to work with as Hal. Everyone in the cast has come to me and told me how much they love him."

TV in Hi-Fi: ¼ of *Four Star Playhouse's* stars has waxed a tender album recommended to lovers of any age. It is "David Niven Reads the World's Most Famous Love Letters" (Roulette) and includes the intimate thoughts of such as Napoleon, Browning, Shelley and Lincoln. . . . On the up-side are platters by two TV personalities who can't read music. Both of these men, Gleason and Allen, doodle on the piano and then call in schooled musicians to score their music. Capitol offers "Gleason Presents Riff Jazz." The mellow strings are here, as usual, but only as a backdrop for some free-blowing by jazzmen Charlie Shavers, Charlie Ventura and others. . . . Coral calls its issue "Steve Allen Plays Hi-Fi Music for Influentials." What the title has to do with the music is beyond comprehension, but it's one of the most interesting and tasteful of Steve's recent sessions, which is understandable since Neal Hefti did the arrangements. . . . Not all of the clever announcers are on the network. One of the brightest wits on any wave-length is Rege Cordic of Pittsburgh's KDKA. Rege has written, produced and narrated for Victor, "Omicron and the Sputnik," a strange and funny tale for children.

The Dame Is a Lady: "My agent kept calling Ed Sullivan. Ed said that though he liked my dancing, he thought it was too sexy for a family show. Yet here I am costarring with Bob Crosby in very much of a family show." So speaks Gretchen Wyler, a five-seven blonde with blue eyes and silvered fingernails. "I'm eleven years out of Bartlesville, Oklahoma. I began studying ballet at three and used to crack the ceiling plaster when I practiced upstairs." In her mid-teens, her father sent her, properly chaperoned, to N.Y.C. for two summers to study dance. "I fell in love with the musical theater. When I got out of school, I began to work in choruses. I played in 'Charley's Aunt,' replaced Gwen Verdon in 'Damn Yankees' and jumped from understudy in 'Silk Stockings' to the lead when the star became ill." On TV, she has worked, in the past, with Kate Smith, Phil Silvers and in *The Investigator*. About her beautiful figure, she admits it wasn't always sylph-like. "I weighed 154 and it was solid, for dancing makes you muscular. I knew that I ought to lose 25 pounds but I didn't have the will power. Not until I suddenly stepped out of the chorus and into the lead of 'Silk Stockings.' They put me into a small purple corset and set me on a stage with a spotlight in front of Broadway audiences. All those eyes just melted away that excess weight."

Diller-Dollar Scholars: When future historians review General Eisenhower's career, they may note one challenge he avoided. As President of Columbia University, he never had a chance to compete on *$64,000 Question* or *Twenty One*. This is brought to mind by a press release from Columbia U. in which it is pointed out that the big quiz winners have been Columbia students or faculty members—Dr. Joyce Brothers, winner of $198,000; Charles Van Doren, who reaped $129,000; and latest and most, Elfrida Von Nardroff, who earned almost twice as much as either of them. Elfrida holds the all-time record for endurance and $$$. Dan Enright, producer and creator of *Twenty One* with Jack Barry, says, "Vonnie is one of the nicest people we've ever had on the show. She's gentle and soft-spoken. She's not retiring but, on the other hand, not extroverted." After her eighth appearance, she was in the big money and like a guy who has just sweated out his first million and needs another like he could use a hole in the head. Reporters were tiring her with repetitious questions. What would she do with the money? "Travel and study for her Ph.D. in psychology." Had she been nervous? "Very tense. Very, very." Why did she keep going? "I knew I shouldn't. I didn't want to, but I couldn't stop." Like Van Doren and Brothers, she didn't indulge in wisecracks. Like these others, her strength as a contestant was in her family background, where cultural knowledge was a mainstay. But, at times, in the isolation booth, she often wished that—like the Columbia University head who became President of the United States—she could look out at Jack Barry and, in response to a question, simply say, "No comment," and go home.

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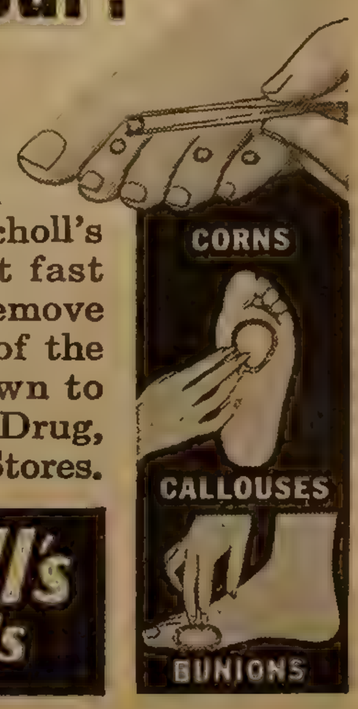
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The Faith of "Wyatt Earp"

(*Continued from page 32*)

a bouquet for my mother, and ran home.

At first, when my mother saw the flowers, her tired face lighted with a smile. Then she must have realized that I had trespassed on someone's property to take them, for she asked, "Where did you get these?"

"From Mrs. Brown's yard," I admitted.

A worried look chased the smile from her face. "It was thoughtful of you, Hugh," she said, "to want to cut a bouquet for me. But it was her yard; these are her flowers. You shouldn't have taken them."

"Oh," I said, "she'll never miss them. There were so many bushes, and Mrs. Brown is too old to enjoy them."

"That's not important," said my mother. "Maybe she is young enough to need them. The point is that they didn't and don't belong to you. Someone may have a surplus of something, and you may need it—that still doesn't give you the right to take it. It's still theirs."

That was the way my mother taught me the importance of not taking things that didn't belong to me. "It may not sound like much," she said, "helping yourself to a bouquet of lilacs. But it's wrong. It's best not to be on someone else's property, and it's always wrong to take what belongs to another."

My parents were good, God-loving people. I came from a wonderful family. My father was very strict, my mother more liberal, but both were active in church. I was baptized as a child, and I went to church as far back as I can remember.

My mother had wonderful illustrated books about the Bible at home, from which she often read to my younger brother Don and myself. Still, we were brought up not so much with a Bible in the hand, as with the Bible in the heart. I learned early in life that there was a great deal more to faith than learning the Ten Commandments. One learned the importance of faith itself, that if one had as much faith as is measured by the grain of a mustard seed, all things would be possible.

An almost unbelievable incident that occurred when I was about eleven reinforced this belief. By this time, my family, which moved around a lot, was living in Wilmette, Illinois. One day, I was bicycling down Greenleaf Avenue, where we lived. Our street had tracks along which the North Shore train, an electric train, came right through the middle of the town like a streetcar. As I turned onto the street, I realized a train was approaching.

I was caught. I couldn't go left because there were parked cars; and I couldn't turn right because another train was coming from the opposite direction. There was just enough room for handlebars between cars and train. My momentum slowed down. I ricocheted from the parked car into the train. My bike was cut in half and thrown out the other side. I was knocked out and landed on the other side of the tracks, having gone completely under the train.

If the train had still been coming from the other direction, I would have been thrown from that train in front of the other—but it had just rolled by. The engineer was going slowly; I went under one side of the train and came out the other while the train was still moving.

That day I might easily have been killed. Instead, I escaped with only minor injuries. When my parents found out what had happened, we all went down on our knees and thanked God.

Many times since, I have wondered whether it was my mother's wonderful faith and her constant communication with God through prayer that saved me in that crucial moment. At eleven, I was deeply under the influence of my mother, father, and the teachings of the Bible. One phrase in the Bible made a lasting impression on me: "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

Brought up as I was, I had a great anchor against doubts and lack of faith. Though I was normally mischievous in the manner of all boys, I hardly think I was "delinquent." Certainly, I kept out of scrapes with the law and—after the episode of the lilac blossoms—kept my hands off neighbors' property.

Still, just before my eighteenth birthday, I was to face a period of great confusion. This was when I enlisted in the Marine Corps.

In the Marines, we talked of many things—among them our religious beliefs. Though I have always believed that every man should worship as he himself sees fit, this was the first time I had heard men question the idea of Divinity. There were some who brought up the age-old questions of evil and cruelty, and who asked how there could be a God who would permit such happenings.

My faith was too strong to be shaken from its moorings; but I became baffled and confused. I didn't know how to answer their questions, and, like Pilate, I began to wonder, "What is truth?" My confusion continued for many years, all during my service in the Marines, and even after I began to go to college in Los Angeles.

Fortunately, however, I had never lost the habit of going to church that had been instilled in me by my family. About ten years ago, I started going to the Presbyterian Church in Hollywood, where I was fortunate enough to meet a wonderful group of young people. This church had a very active young people's association, which became the nucleus of the Hollywood Christian group. The group included Jane Russell, Colleen Townsend, Connie Haines, and Colleen Townsend's future husband, Louis Evans Jr., who was then studying for the ministry and who is now a dedicated minister.

I discussed many of my perplexities with them. Through talking to Louis Evans Jr. and the others, I came to realize that it isn't God who changes; He is eternal and changeless. It isn't truth that changes—but you can change in relationship to it. As you change, your beliefs sometimes change.

At a certain time in life, your belief or faith may become solidified. Whether it does or not often depends on whom you meet and associate with during these formative years. Due to my meeting with the wonderful young people who became the nucleus of the Hollywood Christian group, my belief is stronger than ever.

I am very grateful for my faith. It has given me an anchor, a sense of security that is especially helpful when you are in a business as insecure as acting.

Eight years ago—when I was twenty-five—faith helped me over one of the worst tragedies I have ever faced. Fortunately, when the blow came, I had already had the good fortune to meet the wonderful group that helped to shape my thoughts.

The crisis of my faith—and its triumph—occurred one Christmas eight years ago. It was the first Christmas in years that my family had had an opportunity to be together. I had just completed a highly desirable role in my first picture, "Young Lovers." Though I had appeared in many plays, this was my first screen opportunity—it was directed by Ida Lupino, who gave me the break—and it seemed the answer to dreams and to my mother's prayers.

So this was a very, very happy Christmas. With high hopes, I went to Oakland to be with my brother, father and mother. We were overjoyed because I had gotten the biggest break of my career up to then. I looked forward to being able to make life easy, pleasant and restful for my parents.

That night, we all opened our gifts. But, in spite of all the beautiful things we gave my mother, I knew that her greatest Christmas gift was her rejoicing over my first screen opportunity. She went to sleep with a happy smile.

But she didn't come down to breakfast the next morning. She had died in her sleep.

I could hardly believe it. I couldn't understand it. Since she had prayed so hard for my success, for my future, how could God, I wondered, take her away at the very time when she might have been able to see her prayers answered? Wondering about this problem and grieving for the loss of my mother, I spent several sleepless nights.

Sometimes God's reasons may not be understandable to our finite minds. But, seeking an answer, I finally found one that gave me some comfort: My mother had spent so much of her time praying almost ceaselessly for me, that God had felt she could do a better job in heaven, where she might help look after other souls and other lives.

I do not pretend to be psychic. I have no illusions about my mother's physical presence, since she left this world for an even better one. I do not pretend to myself that she is physically sitting near me. But still I don't feel that she has left her sons forever. She may be away, but her spirit is not too far away. I can't help feeling that her spirit hovers protectively over those she loved on earth. But she has been called to a larger domain, where perhaps God has given her more important responsibilities—helping others, as much as she helped her two sons here on earth.

Though I believe she is in a better world, I naturally miss her physical presence, and the words that spoke her radiant faith. But I know she would not want me to do too much mourning.

I believe that while we are alive we should appreciate the goodness and the beauty of this world. An anonymous writer once wrote: "I have planted a garden, so I know what faith is. I have seen the birch trees swaying in the breeze, so I know what grace is. I have listened to birds caroling, so I know what music is. I have seen the morning without clouds, after showers, so I know what beauty is. I have read a book beside a wood fire, so I know what contentment is. I have seen the miracle of the sunset, so I know what grandeur is. And, because I have perceived all these things, I know what wealth is."

I, too, have planted flowers, so I know what faith is. There are all kinds of faith, including faith in the world, and in life in general. I also believe that, in addition to the other kinds of faith, it is important that we believe in a Power capable of all the fantastic, wonderful things we are blessed with.

Faith breeds faith. My mother's faith in me helped me to achieve success on the screen. The memory of that faith helped

me when I faced the challenge of creating a believable Wyatt Earp in TV, just as her faith in me is helping me to create the role I recently completed in "Quick Draw."

Though, in the early days of my career, my father didn't have as much enthusiasm about my wish to be an actor as my mother did, he helped me through his own practical type of faith. At one time, he thought I was an idiot for trying to make a living in so competitive a business, in which I had no training or pull. When he saw that my heart was set on it, he gave me the best advice I ever got. He said, "The world doesn't owe you a living. Luck is a thing that happens when *preparation* meets *opportunity.*"

As a result, I grabbed every chance I could to appear with stage groups and in radio plays, till I got my first screen break. Actually, it was a combination of my mother's faith and my father's good advice that led to that first fine break. My agent, Milo Frank, had seen the script of "Young Lovers," and told me there was a part in it he thought I could play. I went to his office, started reading the script, then copied it in longhand. Remembering my father's advice about the luck that occurs when preparation meets opportunity, I memorized every word of the script.

When my agent took me to see Ida Lupino, she handed me a copy of the script, asked me to glance over a particular scene, and said she would return in ten minutes to hear me read it. I knew it so well I could have recited it backwards. I was tempted to tell Ida this, but had learned in the Marine Corps that silence is often the better part of wisdom. So I kept my mouth shut, and read the scene from the script. When I finished, Ida said: "That's the best cold reading I've ever heard, Hugh. You've got the part."

About three years and more than a half-dozen pictures later, I met Ida at a dinner party one evening, and told her the true story of my "cold" reading. She laughed heartily.

After that first picture, I began getting work at different studios, and I also played dramatic roles in about a half-dozen Loretta Young shows on TV.

Indirectly, it was because of my experience in the movies that I won the title role in *The Life And Legend Of Wyatt Earp* on TV. Stuart Lake, the creator of the series, was looking for someone strong and capable of a hard quality—lean and not a pretty boy—to play Wyatt Earp. He saw some footage of me as a "heavy," and decided that I might convey the tough, hard quality he wanted Wyatt Earp to show. Four years ago, I was given the opportunity to do the pilot film of *Wyatt Earp*—and have been playing Wyatt ever since.

After completing "Quick Draw," and enjoying a short vacation, I did the play "Picnic" in Westport, Connecticut and appeared on *The Ed Sullivan Show* in New York. Now, on the TV horizon, there are thirty-nine more *Wyatt Earp* films.

Whenever I make a personal appearance as Wyatt Earp, I ask the youngsters who come to see me, "Do you want to grow up to be tall and straight men like Wyatt Earp?"

Enthusiastically, they all yell, "Yes!"

"All right," I say. "Then get down on your knees at least once a day and thank God for his blessings."

For it is only when we are grateful to God for the blessings He has poured on us that we can be in tune with the wonderful universe He created. This is my faith.

Big Louis and His Keely

(*Continued from page* 36)

has become a passion with Keely). She may stop to talk about a donation for the Walter Winchell Damon Runyon Cancer Fund (of which the Primas are proud to be new directors). Or to fill out passport papers for a possible trip to the Brussels fair (for Keely has always done the "paper work"). Or she may sit down to talk about the Primas.

"Louis is the boss," she says then. "Everybody calls him the 'Chief'—he's strictly boss at home and in business. It doesn't really matter to me. When he and Barbara finally decide, they tell me, and then I do the paper work." Her eyes grow soft as she looks across the room, where Louis is in earnest conversation. "When a woman really loves someone, then she's happy—his way. Besides loving, you have to like a man. I admired and respected Louis long before I fell in love with him. I've found there aren't too many things important enough to argue about. I like the 'boss.' So few people really know him. He's sweet and gentle—a heart of gold. He's what I call a nice man.

"Louis and I've had good and bad things together. One-night stands, three hundred miles to drive between. Sometimes, when things didn't work out right, it was rough. But, as long as we were together, it didn't matter. In these last four years, we have worked one place, bought a home, had a family, lived like other people. We have no intention now of letting anything interfere with our normal life.

"I've never had all the nice things of life before," she adds reflectively. "I enjoy them, but I know I could give them up. What is a normal and perhaps dull routine to many people is the most important thing in the world to us. We know we could work here at the Sahara for the rest of our lives, we have no need to do other things. Fame? Fame Louis has had. Fame I don't need."

True, Louis Prima has known fame—and, as the song goes, over and over again. At seventeen, he turned Fifty-Second Street into the night-club thoroughfare of New York, by musically beating the hinges off The Famous Door. His impulsive, emotional Italian nature has caused him more hurt and financial failure, through the shrewd, get-rich-quick, pass-the-buck boys, than most. He swooped from fame to obscurity, obscurity to fame, like a gold-plated yo-yo. Now, he has a shell of restraint and "show-me" for those other than the ones he loves and trusts.

At forty-four, he's still the dynamic, magnetic mad-man of music on stage. In person, he has a wary eye for those who would know him too well. But, if he thinks the facade he's built up hides his big heart, he's mistaken. Once he is talking on subjects such as golf, cooking and—more important—Keely, Toni Elizabeth (four) and Luanne Frances (one), he is warm and communicative. It's obvious he shares Keely's feeling: Home, children, and life together come first.

Why, if this is true, does Louis Prima sit at a table making plans, many plans, for the future? He and Barbara discuss his own movie production, "Hangout"—another production, "Bourbon Street Blues"—and the possibility of Keely playing an Indian girl in Bob Hope's "Alias Jesse James" this summer. (Keely is one-eighth Cherokee.)

Then he turns to Voyle Gilmore, Capitol's A & R man, to discuss time for the



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album "Vegas Prima Style." He also makes a date for Keely to run through arrangements with conductor Nelson Riddle at the house. He sets a date in Los Angeles for their day off, for Keely to make two records. He accepts another TV spectacular for them both. Most plans are contingent on the sailing to Europe for the Brussels fair—the only project he discusses which sounds even a little like a vacation.

Finishing this engagement at the Sahara, he is also anxious to supervise the last nine holes of the eighteen-hole golf course on his very practical dream, "Pretty Acres," at Covington, Louisiana. The latter is a typical example of Louis' refusal to take "no" for an answer. When he bought it, he was told he couldn't possibly make grass grow because of the swamp area . . . it was an hour and a half from New Orleans by bad roads . . . it couldn't possibly be a good commercial venture.

Ignoring all this, he and Keely have sunk their mutual earnings into ninety-seven acres—a motel, a country club, restaurant, swimming pools, a one-mile practice racetrack, the golf course. And the grass is very, very green. Louis proved his point: Pretty Acres is in the black. After Louis bought the acreage, the state put in a causeway and it's now only twenty minutes from New Orleans. With Mama Prima presiding in the restaurant, Pretty Acres is open for business.

Keely can vouch for the fact that not accepting "no" for an answer can pay off, Prima-style: "You see, I have this problem. I'm me—just me. I've been completely honest all my life, and I just don't know any other way. When someone asks me what I think of another entertainer's work, I tell them. When writers ask me questions, I can't be anything but honest. On the other hand, I rebel at talking about my personal life, my children, my home, as any working mother would. All women have areas of their life they want to keep to themselves.

"So? I'll probably say I don't want to talk about it. Or, whatever they ask, I'll talk about so honestly I'll be misunderstood. I have to be comfortable within my own personality.

"Somebody in Hollywood was trying very hard to 'fill me in,' the other day, about how to be careful," she continues. "Sometimes I go to Hollywood to record without Louis, and vice versa. My pal was pointing out that no matter what, even if I was having dinner with Barbara Belle, I shouldn't ever be seen with a man. This, she said, would start talk immediately. My reaction was simple. I've got to eat, so whoever happens to be around I want to eat with. As long as I'm straight with my husband, nobody else can hurt me. So I guess I'll just go on thinking what I want to think, saying what I want to say, and doing what I want to do. I know what's important, and I know the basis for my personal and professional happiness and success—luck, Louis Prima, and God."

The "Chief" glances at his watch, then looks across at Keely. It's time for another performance. The look of intense concentration leaves his face. He becomes the Louis Prima the world knows. He and Keely both love to make music for the people—their own honest enjoyment of their work carries to an audience—and so it goes, until six A.M.: One half-hour of entertainment, one half-hour of business. For their three-thirty show, entertainers from all the other hotels have dropped in to see "The Wildest."

At 6:05 A.M., "The Wildest" jump into their car and head for home. When they open that door, they become "The Mildest." For home is, indeed, where the heart is for these two. After years of one-night stands, hotel rooms and loneliness in crowds, home is to be fought for with a primitive passion. Nothing must interfere with home.

Time-wise, of course, their home life is like an upside-down cake (and if Louis, chef and gourmet, heard that description he would immediately start giving the recipe for the *best* upside-down cake). If the girls are already awake and dressed, the Primas have what would appear to outsiders a very early breakfast. Toni and Luanne are really having breakfast, but Keely and Louis are having a before-bedtime snack. They go to bed by seven. Louis is up again by 11:45. He has a quiet time with his daughters—that's when the real man shows. He is a melting, open patsy for his girls. When he's at home with Keely, Toni and Luanne, you can feel he has all he needs in the world.

Keely gets up about 12:45. The four of them have time together before the nurse gets the girls ready for naps. Since Louis is a passionate golfer, afternoons find him teeing off at the club with the same intensity he puts into everything. Occasionally, Keely plays with him, but usually she's at home doing books, working on business or the myriad things a woman has to do to keep a smooth-running home, even with a housekeeper and nurse. When naps are over, Keely has her time with the girls.

"I guess I'm an old-fashioned mother," she says. "I want to love them the right way. I want them to grow up secure in the knowledge that we care enough to discipline them through love. Happily, they both have sunny temperaments, so we have much more love around this ranch than discipline.

"I don't believe in doing things halfway," Keely grins, as she surveys their Las Vegas home. "When we chose this house, I bought the furniture, carpeted and draped it—all in one week. It's taken so long to get a home, I was in a hurry.

"In August of this year, we will have been working together for ten years. I remember he was playing Atlantic City. My family was there on vacation. I'd never seen him, but I was crazy about his music." Keely laughs. "After I saw him, I bought his records, and I kept listening and singing with them. The boy I was going with at the time didn't care for it at all. We had many arguments over Louis Prima.

"Then Louis played at the Surf Club in Virginia Beach, close to Norfolk. My brother, Piggy, found out he was looking for a girl vocalist and arranged an audition for me. That Sunday afternoon was a big day in my life. I sang 'Embraceable You' and 'Sleepy Time Gal.' Louis liked my voice, but he was worried because I was only sixteen. I remember he said very fiercely, 'If you promise not to smoke and not to drink, work very hard and listen to me, you've got a job!' I was more than willing. That night, August 6, I was the girl singer in Louis Prima's band.

"I took to the new life easily, even though it was quite a contrast to my former one. My stepfather, Jesse Smith, was a carpenter. He was a wonderful man. We were poor but happy. We are a close family. My three brothers—Buster, Piggy and Gumps—and I never minded, nor did we miss having extras. When I needed a gown for a show, Mother earned it for me by taking in laundry. We all had pride but, fortunately, not the kind that would make us ashamed of being poor. That's why I can say I enjoy nice things, but I'm sure I could get along without them.

"So, in '48," she continues, "the boss started 'shaping' me—and I didn't even know it, most of the time. He worked on my arrangements, my phrasing, the little bits of me-naturally that he wanted kept in. He picked out my costumes. One time, I wore patterned flannel skirts and sweaters with Peter Pan collars or turtlenecks. Another time, he tried 'slinkies.'

"Then, while in Miami, we found two originals by Angela (from San Fernando Valley, naturally) that were just right: Chiffon, cocktail-length, tailored top, full skirt. They leave no doubt I'm a girl, but they go with my personality. I have nine of them now." Keely's hand pats her black-haired pate. "At one of our one-night stands, I saw a girl whose hair looked the way I wanted mine. So? Louis looked at her hair, looked at my long hair, and agreed. *He* cut it just the way I still wear it.

"Then, in 1953, our mutual admiration, respect and liking for one another turned to love. We were married."

The day of the big bands was fading, and Louis Prima, brilliant brain, not only was aware of it, he was working toward a solution. When Keely became pregnant, Louis made his decision. Married before, this time he wanted a home for his wife and family. He broke up the big band, put together an act with Louis and Keely, Sam Butera and The Witnesses. He accepted a two-week booking into the Sahara Hotel lounge.

At that time, Las Vegas hotels thought of lounge entertainment as a convenience only. It was a place near the game room where gamblers could rest their feet, have a drink, talk a little, and go back to the gaming room. They had no intention of putting in such good entertainment that the customers would be entranced enough to stay in the lounge. They reckoned without Louis Prima.

By the start of the second number, pandemonium had struck. Everybody was rushing to the lounge to hear Prima. Milton Prell, one of the owners, and Stan Irwin, director of entertainment, gambled that a great attraction in the lounge would pull more people, in the long run, than ever before. On November 16, 1954, Louis Prima established another of his many firsts. Other hotels have followed this example, but the Sahara lounge, now called the Casbar Theatre—featuring Louis Prima, Keely Smith, Sam Butera and The Witnesses, thirty weeks a year—is the unprecedented tops.

Happy to have a stationary base for the first time in their lives, the Primas became Las Vegas citizens. At home, they eliminate as much work as possible from daily life. Each day, while in Las Vegas, they're all there when the girls have dinner at five and retire. At six, Louis and Keely eat. By seven, they're in bed again. At 11:30 P.M., they arise, dress, and—at 12:15 A.M.—walk into the Sahara ready to go to work.

Because "The Wildest" have become "The Hottest," new problems have arisen. After listening to Louis working, entertaining, being with his family, and realizing his complete understanding of what's before them, the conflicting desires are apparent. Louis Prima is and has been a household name for years. It is obviously his intention to make the name Keely Smith synonymous with success, too.

And there's the conflict. To do this, Louis must make deals for records, motion pictures, television shows, knowing that he will subject himself and Keely to the by-product of this new fame—publicity. But behind all future publicity—behind the inspired, zany performances on stage—are two solid citizens with the same dreams and desires and many of the same problems all mortals have.

Louis Prima and his Keely have earned every bit of their life together. From her honest, candid black eyes to her sentimental heart—from his big, brown, wary eyes to his gentle heart—they are two in whom all show business can take pride.

Belated Honeymoon

(*Continued from page* 30)

couple. They are so hot in show business that, this past spring, they were approached by several of the top variety shows to come in as summer replacements. In replacing Steve Allen, they are taking over one of the week's top-rated hours.

Steve Lawrence explains how they came to decide on the Sunday slot: "There's a peculiar attitude about summer replacements. Most of the big variety shows have a budget that runs around $100,000 a week during the regular season. When summer comes along, it is cut to perhaps $40,000—yet the ad agencies and sponsors still expect to get a $100,000 show. It's not reasonable.

"Well, the budget Steve Allen's office offered ran higher than the others. That was one reason why we accepted their offer. Another factor was that our producer and director, Nick Vanog and Dwight Hemion, are old friends from the Allen show. And then there was the strictly sentimental reason—Eydie and I first met and worked together on Allen's *Tonight* show."

Steve Lawrence, a Brooklyn boy, became a regular member of the *Tonight* show at the tender age of eighteen. Actually, his training and experience in music began in early childhood. He was a choir singer in church and school. He was a student of the piano and saxophone. At seventeen, he won top honors on a Godfrey *Talent Scouts* program. A recording contract followed and his waxing of "Poinciana" was a national hit. But his first really big break came in July of 1953, when he joined the *Tonight* cast.

Eydie, born and bred in the Bronx, exhibited vocal talent from the time she was a toddler. A year after she was out of high school, she gave up a job as an interpreter with an export company, to sing with Tommy Tucker's band for two months. This led to the vocalist job with Tex Beneke for a year. She then embarked as a "single," playing night clubs and theaters across the country. She scored with a couple of recording hits, notably "Frenesi." She joined *Tonight* in the fall of 1953.

"Eydie and I first met in the producer's office," Steve recalls. "We were pleased at the meeting, for we knew each other's work and liked each other musically."

Eydie says smilingly, "I fell in love with him immediately and then spent five years working on him."

In the beginning, they were thrown together frequently in their work. They went out for a sandwich with the gang. "But, after a while, there were just the two of us going out for coffee or dinner," Steve says. "It was an unspectacular transition. We began to date occasionally. Just ordinary dates. A movie. Or dinner. You see, Eydie lived in the Bronx with her family and I lived with my folks in Brooklyn.

"Well, I don't know that you know how it is—but, if you grow up in Brooklyn, it's with the understanding that you'll never date a Bronx girl. It's almost like an oath you take. Besides, there's the problem of transportation. To get between the Bronx and Brooklyn, you must use three different subways. Even if you get a Bronx girl home at ten, you're not back in Brooklyn before two in the morning." Steve grins and notes, "Yet it's a funny thing. A lot of Brooklyn boys marry Bronx girls."

The courtship, at times, was a little desperate. While Steve and Eydie agree fundamentally in terms of values, as well as music, they are dissimilar personalities. Steve is the relaxed, Como-type. As an illustration, Eydie recalls: "This past season, I got into New York the afternoon Steve was working on the General Motors Anniversary television show. I hadn't seen Steve in a couple of weeks and got some friends to drive me out to the Brooklyn studio. We got there about a half-hour before showtime and Steve couldn't be found.

"The rest of the cast were on hand and all keyed-up, for this was a big show. But we looked high and low for Steve. Finally, ten minutes before air time, we found him. He was napping in his dressing room. Can you imagine? Sleeping just a few minutes before he went on!" Eydie makes no bones about it. She could no more nap before a show than she could fly. She is intense, high-driven.

This personality difference between the two accounted for their occasional lover spats. "Oh, a couple of times," Steve says, "she had me so angry, I couldn't even talk to her."

The first incident occurred when *Tonight* was doing a remote telecast from Florida. Eydie and Steve were to sing a duet from a high diving-board. It was cold for Florida and the water was chilled to about thirty-seven degrees. Andy Williams had got a touch of pneumonia from a dunking during a previous telecast. Well, Eydie and Steve, fully clothed, were on the diving board and Eydie whispered, "We'll jump into the water together after our song." Steve said, "I'm not jumping." Eydie said, "The producer expects us to." Steve said, "I'm not jumping." Eydie said, "But we promised." Steve said, "Not me." And Steve didn't jump.

So Eydie pushed him. Steve remembers, "I was so angry I couldn't talk to her for a week."

Again, on a Florida remote, it was cold water that got them into hot water. They were doing a duet in a rowboat and were to capsize the boat after their number. Again Steve resisted. Eydie knocked him out of the boat with an oar. It was all for the good of the show, she reminded him, but he just glared at her for a few days.

"Usually I can kiss him out of a mad," Eydie says.

"It took a lot of kissing both those times," Steve recalls.

These were exceptional incidents, for Eydie and Steve were usually happy and enjoying the sweet harmony of young love. The most difficult period in their relationship was to come when the Steve Allen edition of *Tonight* left the air. Eydie and Steve began to make personal appearances, but in different cities.

"It's just plain misery being separated when you're in love," Eydie says. "And long-distance phone calls are so inadequate. I can't explain it. When we got on the phone, for the first few minutes everything would be just great, and then the frustration of being apart would set in and, before you knew it, we were quarreling. We'd hang up and, about the same time, begin to suffer remorse. Then we'd try to call back and, half the time, we could never get the second call through."

They had no formal engagement but, for a year, they tried to get married. The problem was in setting a date when they would be in the same city at the same time. They would have preferred to marry in New York, so that their respective families could be present, but finally settled on Las Vegas, where Eydie was singing. Steve had a few days off.

"It was a wonderful wedding," Eydie

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says. "A lovely Sunday and we had a wedding breakfast and champagne. We were married at noon in the cottage of Beldon Kattleman, owner of El Rancho Vegas, where I was singing. It was unfortunate that our parents weren't there, but they couldn't have made the air trip alone both ways. Luckily, most of our close friends came in. That was the wonderful part of it."

That same night, Eydie had two shows to do. Three days later, Steve flew to Havana for a month's engagement. "That was the most difficult time for me," Eydie recalls. "It was so depressing, being apart right after we got married."

One of the rewards of the summer television show is that Eydie and Steve, man and wife, get to live together as man and wife, with all the domestic trimmings. Eydie is a great cook. Her family is of Turkish and Spanish extraction, so her dishes are out of the ordinary. "And for me," she says, "cooking is a wonderful diversion from my work."

Because television cameras add about ten pounds to anyone's appearance, both have been watching their diet rather carefully. "Our only problem," Eydie says, "is with rolls and bread and butter. We both like them better than cake or sweets. I'm so glad that Steve has to watch his diet, too. I can't think of anything more incompatible than having a husband stuffing himself while I'm dieting!"

The living room is predominantly white and yellow. There is a long, marble-topped buffet which also contains their television receiver and hi-fidelity equipment. On top of the buffet is Eydie's "Dinah Award," designating her the outstanding female performer in night clubs during 1957.

In the center of the room is a huge white hassock which looks like a big powderpuff. This was Steve's contribution, along with a grand piano in French Provençal style. On the piano is a framed picture of Steve which Eydie has had since the first year they met—plus a stuffed, flappy-eared dog which Eydie carries as a good-luck piece.

The buffet acts as a separator for the living and dining areas. The dining alcove, next to the kitchen, contains only a round, white Danish modern table and four antique chairs.

Against the foyer wall, there is a floor-to-ceiling Italian breakfront at least five feet wide. "I liked it so much and bought it even though I thought it might be too big for this apartment," Eydie says. "But, in a sense, this apartment is temporary. It has only one bedroom, and we want room for a family. We both love children and would like to have at least two close together."

When they're in Manhattan, they like to visit with old friends and see the shows they've missed while they were out of town. They recently traded in their cars for a four-seater, a hard-top convertible Thunderbird in gunmetal gray. They frequently drive out to the homes of their parents for dinner. "You know then where Eydie learned her cooking," Steve says. "Her mother is a great cook. Of course, mine is, too. They are both the kind of mothers who are not happy unless you get up from the table with heartburn."

Their days are very busy with rehearsals, business meetings, fittings for Eydie, interviews and recording sessions. Both have had great success as recording artists. Eydie's current album for ABC-Paramount, "Eydie Gorme Vamps the Roaring 20's," is not only novel but again replete with the kind of vocal thrills that identify her. Steve's new Coral Album, "Here's Steve Lawrence," is his best to date. He ranges from swing to sentimental, with brilliant arrangements by Jack Kane. "Jack is Canada's top orchestra leader," Steve notes. "He's as big on CBC as Lawrence Welk is here. And he's one of the reasons that we are so enthusiastic about our television show—Jack has come down for the summer as our musical director."

Despite differences in temperament, Steve and Eydie are seldom in disagreement on the production of the show. As Eydie says, "We think alike musically and have the same tastes in performance and production."

Steve admits the pressure is on, at times. "But I just can't get upset. I'm happy. I mean, how lucky can you be? At our age and so early in our careers, we were in the fantastic position of having our pick of replacing the best summer shows. We've had luck with our recordings. We haven't wanted for club work and we've been booked at the best. All this and love, too. What more could you ask for?"

It's corny but apt—Mr. and Mrs. Steve Lawrence make beautiful music together.

He Can Sing Anything

(*Continued from page* 39)

cooperation was something less than complete and wholehearted. For instance, John drove the ice truck for the dairy. Even this job he managed to turn into something of an athletic event, jockeying the rickety old truck through the dusty streets at a speed no one else would have thought possible.

All through school, John ate, slept and breathed athletics. His marks were good, but mainly because that assured him he'd be able to continue with school sports. He also managed to slip in a little singing. A page in his scrapbook holds a program from his first stage appearance. He was a member of the Riff band in the Fullerton High School's production of "The Desert Song," in March, 1934. That was the year John was a junior.

From Fullerton High School, John went on to the University of Southern California, then transferred to the University of Redlands. Sports continued to be his major interest. He set records for discus-throw and shotput at track meets, and his record for football-throw still stands (partly, John points out, with a sly grin, because the event is no longer included in athletic competition).

At Redlands, John was a Physical Education major, with the idea of going into teaching some day. He did work in a little music, though—when it didn't conflict with his athletics. He appeared in a college production of "The Bartered Bride," and filled in now and then for some ailing member of the male quartet. Tenor, bass, baritone—John substituted wherever he was needed.

After John was graduated from Redlands, in 1939, he eventually landed a job as junior secretary for the Beverly Wilshire Y.M.C.A. in Beverly Hills. While there, he helped in the campaign to open a branch in Westwood. He could hardly have guessed what all this was leading to—but it was this barnstorming for the "Y" which actually started him on his first real steps toward a theatrical career.

Part of John's job was to appear before civic groups, such as the Lions, Kiwanis, Rotary and Optimist clubs, to interest them in cooperating with the Y program. Since he could sing, he was almost always asked to contribute a song or two to the program, which paid for his lunch or dinner.

At the insistence of acquaintances who had heard him on these programs, John finally secured an audition for the Los Angeles Civic Light Opera company and landed a job in the chorus. He remembers that this stage debut brought with it the magnificent salary of thirty-five dollars a week. He continued to accept invitations to banquets, whenever proffered, so that he could quite literally sing for his supper and stretch that salary as far as possible. Later, he promoted a job as assistant stage manager, which brought a five-dollar-a-week raise.

It was inevitable that tall, good-looking singer John Raitt be tapped for the movies. M-G-M tested him, gave him a contract, and—in the usual Hollywood fashion—put him in practically anything but musicals. His first picture, "Flight Command," was also Red Skelton's first. (John can be spotted if you watch very closely. Red spoke two lines, neither funny.) In "Billy the Kid," John sang a little in one scene—which was cut out of the final version. In "Ziegfeld Girl," with Lana Turner, John didn't excite anyone, least of all, himself.

It was during this time that John went back to Redlands for an alumni production of "The Vagabond King." His leading lady, he learned, was to be Marjorie Haydock, titian-haired daughter of a Methodist minister. She turned out to be his leading lady for life, as Mrs. John Raitt. Marjorie was a sophomore when they met, and they were married in her senior year at Redlands.

By then, the taste of acting had got John off the sports kick. He got a scholarship with Arthur Alexander, and began studying seriously for the first time in his life. In 1942, he joined the company of the American Music Theater in Pasadena.

During these years, John went on what he calls the "rubber-chicken circuit." Luncheons, banquets, weddings, political rallies—wherever he could pick up a few dollars singing, he sang. Six and seven dates a day, six or seven days a week, the Raitt voice rattled the rafters. Just a typical evening might see him helping Ronald Reagan emcee a program at the Glendale Y.M.C.A. at six, appearing with Governor Olson at a political rally in East Los Angeles at seven, singing at a wedding in Fullerton at eight, and being a guest soloist with the Los Angeles Symphony Band, back in East Los Angeles, at nine.

Those hectic days took their toll, however. His vocal cords finally rebelled against the ceaseless workout he'd been giving them. Scheduled to appear with the American Theater's production of "The Barber of Seville," he opened his mouth to sing, one day at rehearsal—and not a sound came out. A hurried checkup with a doctor disclosed that John had ulcers on both vocal cords.

John decided, then and there, that he'd better learn *how* to sing. Up to that point, with practically no formal training, he'd simply been opening the mouth and letting the music pour out. Doing what came naturally. That, he now discovered, was not the best way it should be done. Not if he wanted to keep on singing. He had to learn how to use his voice, without straining it.

To do this meant intensive training. And intensive training meant no income—only outgo. Marj promptly got a job herself, as an adjuster for an automobile insurance company. It took her two busses and a streetcar to get to work, and ditto

to get home, each day. But she proved that a Methodist minister's daughter can rise nobly to any occasion. The Raitts continued to eat, and to have a roof over their heads, even if John wasn't working.

After two whole weeks of enforced silence, saying not a single word, John was able to bring his rested vocal cords to instructor Richard Cummings, who remains his teacher to this day. Gradually, under his expert tutelage, John began to coax back his voice. When it did come back, under Cummings' direction, it was fuller, richer, more powerful than it had ever been before.

In 1944, John sang with the American Theater's production of "The Marriage of Figaro." Word of his terrific success in this got back to New York, and the Theater Guild sent him expense money to come to New York to audition for "Oklahoma!"

It was then that Marj's faith in John's talent, her willingness to pitch in and help, and their gamble in coming east, began to pay off. John was signed to play the role of Curley in the Chicago company of "Oklahoma!" Chicago critics, who have been merciless toward many performers, were ecstatic over John's performance. He was in! From this show he went directly into the lead role of Billy Bigelow in "Carousel," playing opposite Jan Clayton. For three years, the musical play ran on Broadway, with never an empty seat in the house.

The first of the Raitt trio of offspring, Steve, now ten, was born during the run of "Carousel." John claims, in fact, that they've been very lucky in timing those three offspring. Entertainers are frequently away for long periods of time, on tour or on location, and this too often means they're many miles from home when their youngsters are born. Not John. He was right on the spot when Steve made his debut. Later, when Bonnie, now eight, and Dave, now a ripe old five, made their appearances, happy coincidence had him at home, too.

"Carousel" was followed by another Broadway smash hit—"The Pajama Game," with John appearing opposite Janis Paige for a long run in New York. John and Marj bought a three-acre home in Westchester county. Then he was summoned to Hollywood, to do the movie version for Warner Bros., this time with Doris Day as his heroine. The Westchester place is now rented to Johnny Carson.

John has made frequent appearances on television, as a guest star. Last season, he was suddenly the talk of the country after his appearance opposite Mary Martin in the NBC-TV spectacular, "Annie Get Your Gun." Folks who had caught John in "Oklahoma!" or "Pajama Game" or "Carousel," or in the Los Angeles and San Francisco stage production of "Annie," didn't need to be told about the rugged Raitt appeal. From those who hadn't seen John before, the cry arose: "Where have you been hiding *him* all this time?"

Now that John seems destined to be working in Hollywood for some time to come, the Raitts have settled into life on the West Coast. They've taken a house still unfurnished. It's located just off Coldwater Canyon Drive, a stone's throw beyond the Beverly Hills city limits, and next door to the old Jimmy Cagney estate. Steve has his own quarters in a commodious guest house, and John and Marj and the two younger children are slowly filling the main house with their own furniture.

Most of this consists of "marvelous bargains" Marj unearths in out-of-the-way shops. The Raitt fortunes may be ascending steadily, but no well-reared, self-respecting Methodist minister's daughter is about to buy everything new, if she can do just as well with refinished second-hand pieces. As for Marj, she does *better*.

Shining example of this ability of Marj's is the dining room. Flooded with sunlight, it has all the feeling of dining outdoors. And Marj has aided and abetted that feeling by filling the room with exquisite wrought-iron furniture, the octagonal table glass-topped. Marj found the set, rusting quietly in a second-hand shop. She bought it at a fraction of its original cost, added a few more dollars and had it refinished professionally—in an off-white, gently antiqued in gold. The effect is as lavish as if she'd spent the whole Raitt income for a month.

This is only one of his wife's talents and virtues, a subject on which John happily expounds at the slightest opportunity. Since their first days together at Redlands, Marj has served as his accompanist. She knows his style, his timing, perfectly.

And she is his severest critic. Having her degree in music from Redlands, she is academically qualified for this. But it is more, much more than this purely theoretical knowledge of music, which qualifies Marj as his critic, John points out. She simply knows what is right for him and what is wrong. She is sensitive to what brings out the best in his voice, and what he should avoid.

Before any major performance, Marj comes in at dress rehearsal time, and sits quietly by as the whole show is run through. Invariably, she comes up with a few succinct suggestions—how John might improve a phrasing here, alter his timing there.

"It's always constructive criticism, always kind and helpful. Marj is constitutionally unable to make carping criticisms. I value her opinion above all others," John declares. "She has a sensitivity about whether I'm doing my best, and I lean heavily on that."

It would be difficult to find anyone in Hollywood happier with his current setup than John Raitt. He's working hard at something he loves to do—singing. All summer long, every other weekend takes him to some personal appearance, in Louisville, New York, San Francisco. The plans underway for his future—for television appearances, recordings, movie assignments—are challenging, interesting, exciting.

And, making it as ideal as any man could ask, his work is spaced so that he still has days at a time when he can be at home with his family. He can take Steve to a Dodger ball game, or supervise Bonnie and Dave as they splash in the pool.

And he can putter. A real Mr. Fix-it at heart, John loves to make "improvements" around the place. He is a man capable of vast enthusiasms about small things, as well as large. He can get himself worked into a lather discussing the proper interpretation of a Menotti opera. And he can show the same fire of enthusiasm displaying a series of decorative plates his sister-in-law painted, to be hung on the Raitt wall, commemorating his appearance in each of his stage hits.

John Raitt may have run away from singing, and from show business, as fast as his track shoes would carry him, back in his teens. He may have built his career in show business slowly. But it was a solid, sure career a-building. And a man with John Raitt's physique, his rugged good looks, and his contagious enthusiasm—plus one of the most magnificent voices in the business today—is going to be around for quite a while.

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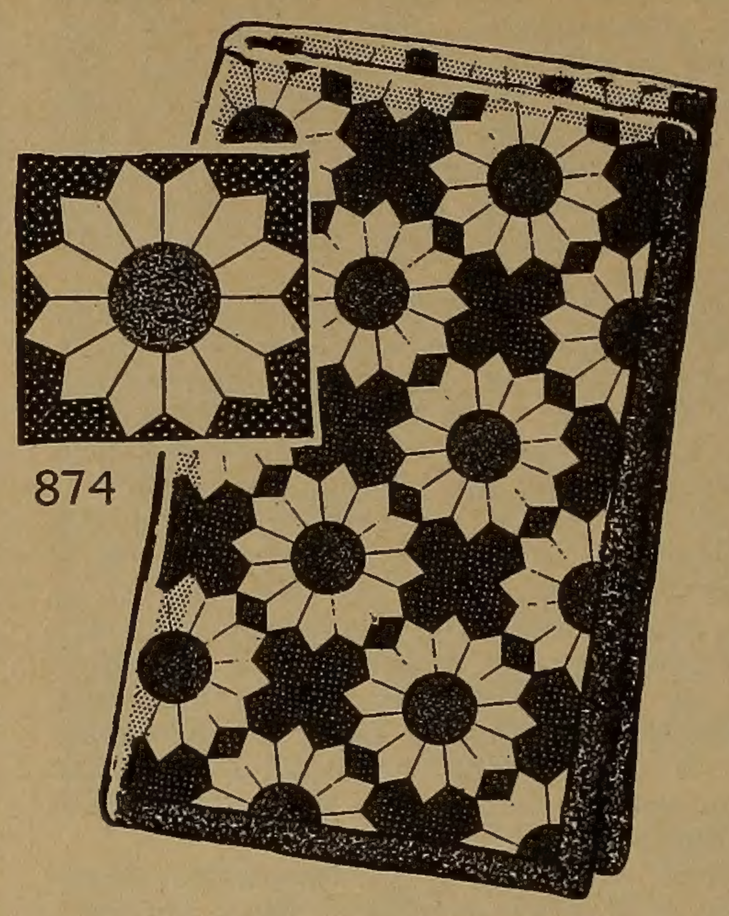
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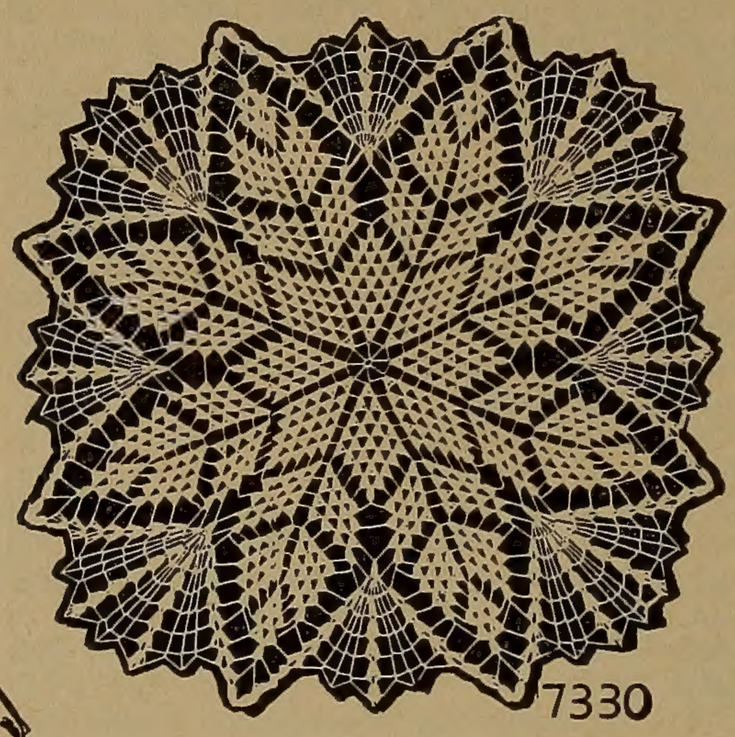
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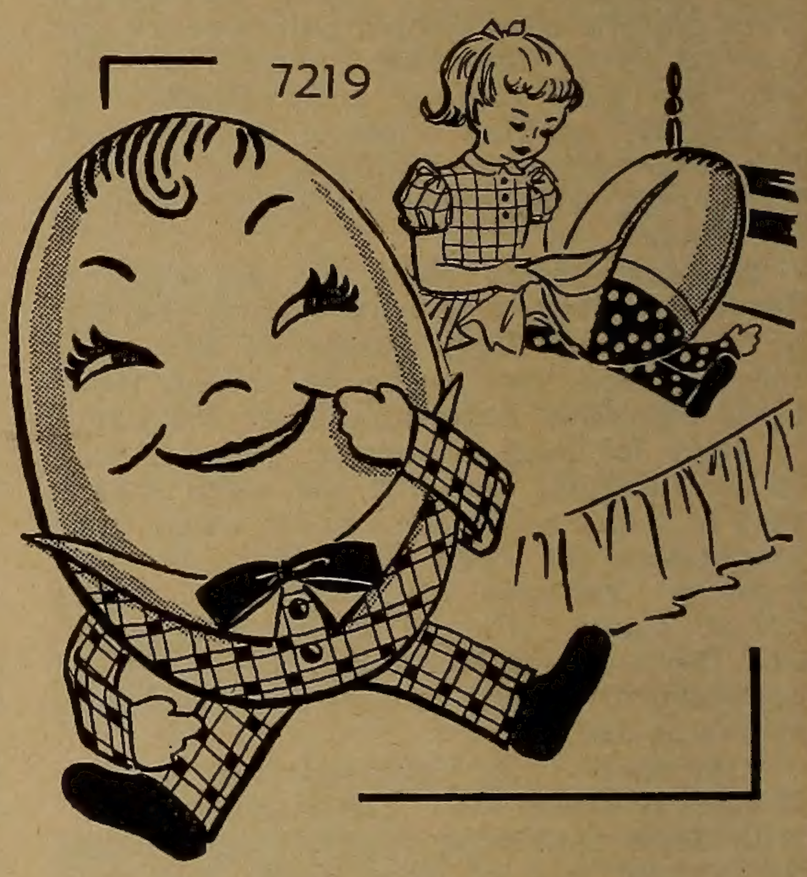


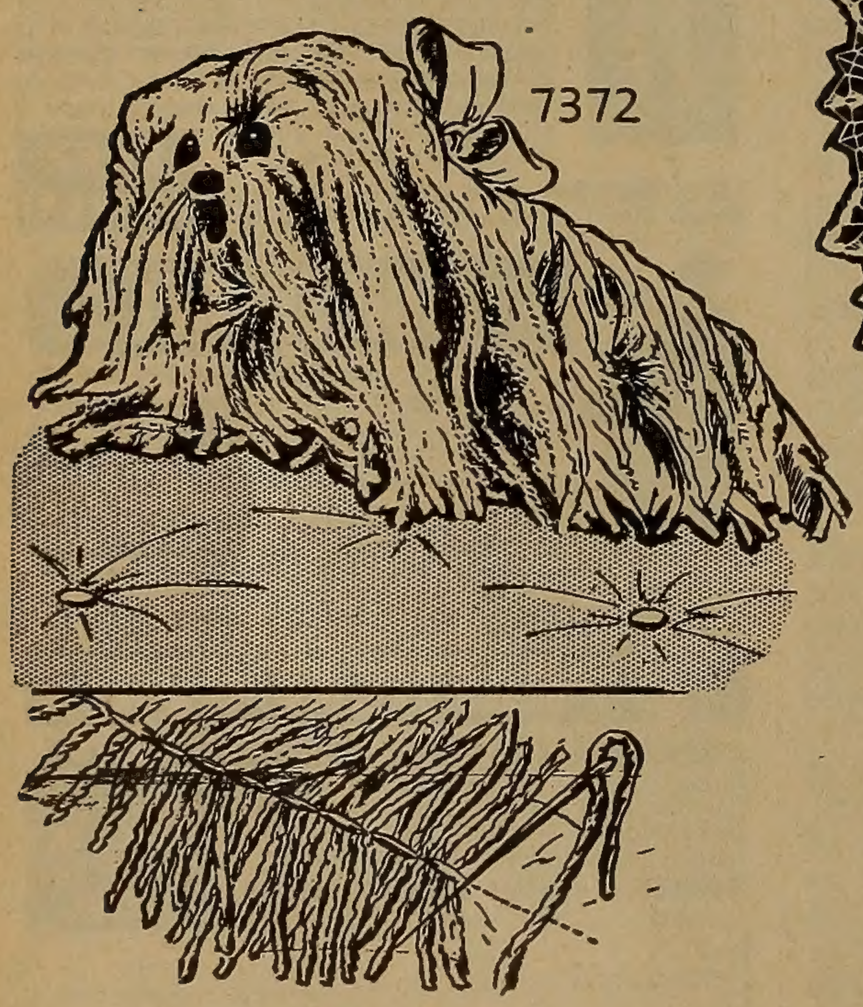
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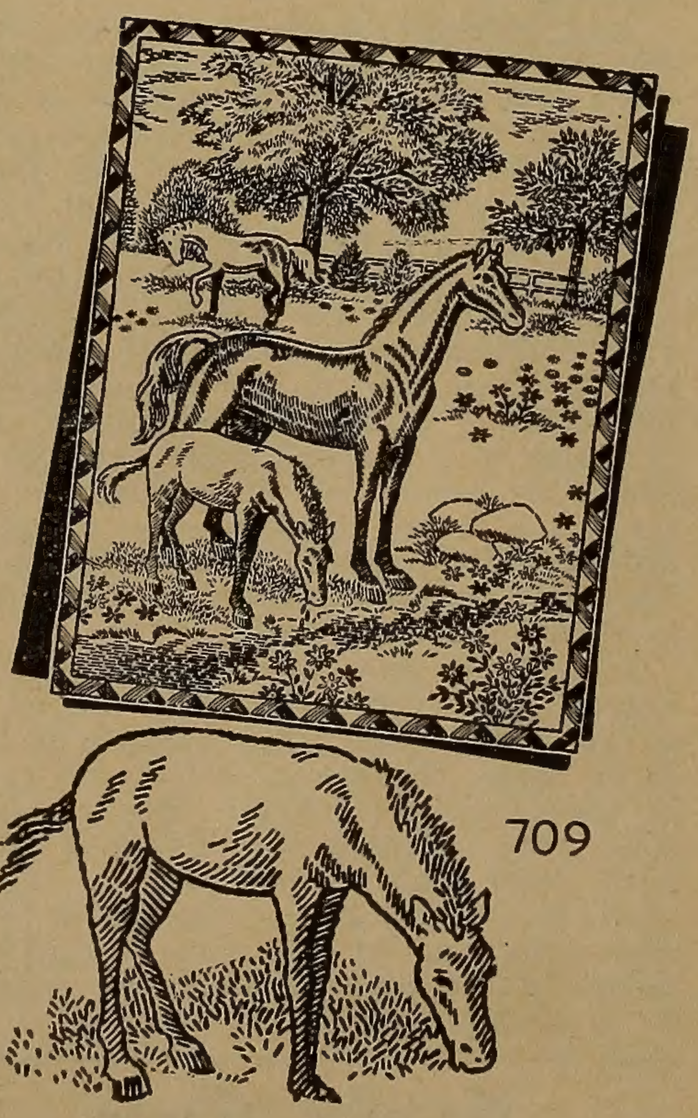
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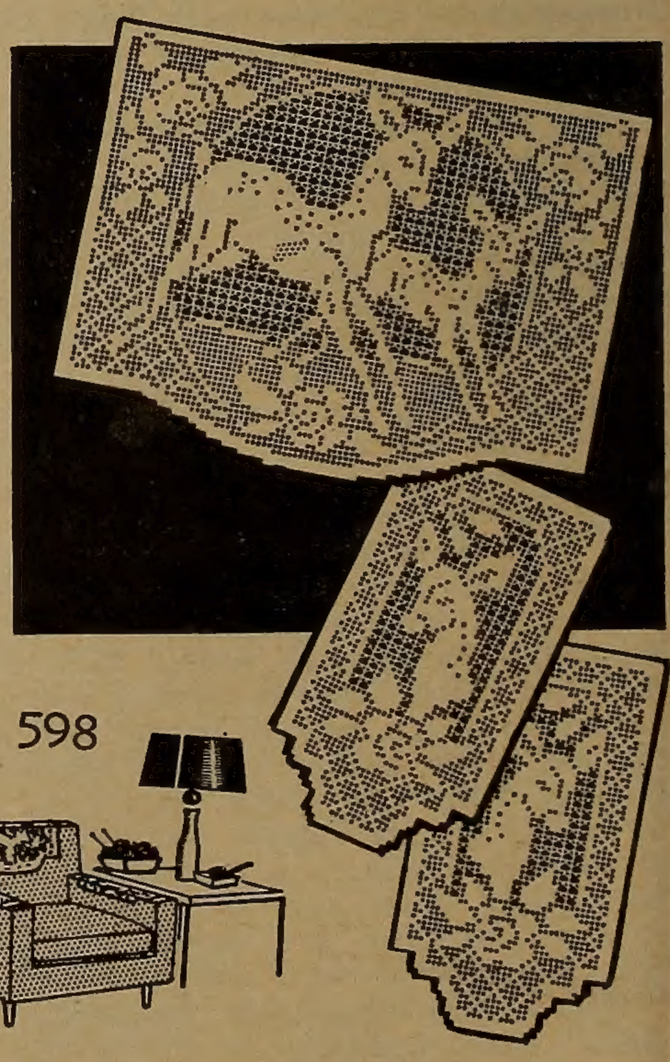




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